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KANYANA '78

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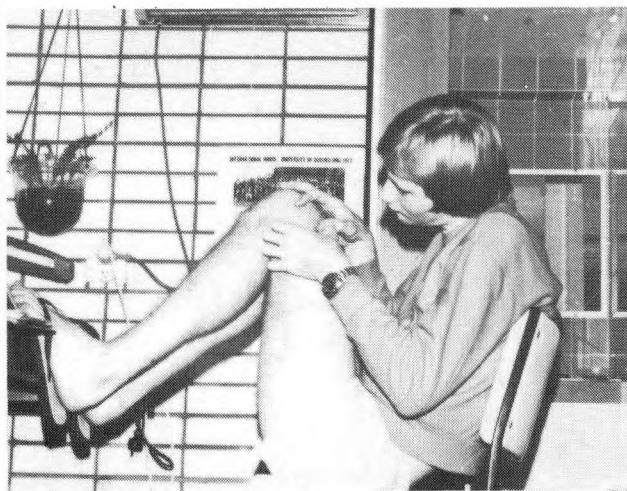
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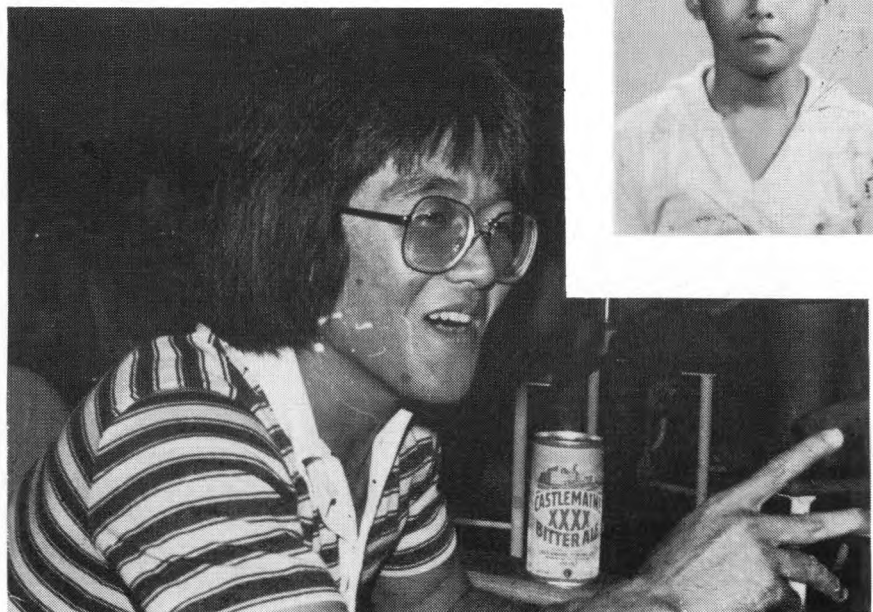
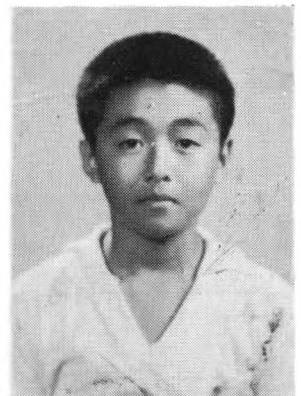
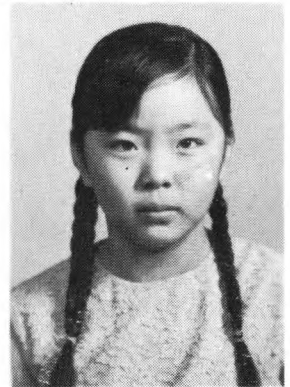




*There will be Time,  
there will be time,  
To prepare a face to meet  
the faces that you meet.*

*— T.S. Eliot*





### **Students Club Positions 1978**

<b>President:</b>	Allistair Twigg
<b>Secretary:</b>	Helen Batten
<b>Treasurer:</b>	Ian Briggs
<b>Vice President:</b>	Chris Walker
<b>Social Convenors:</b>	Ross Ole Margie Nolan
<b>Sports Convenors:</b>	Rob Greenhill Jill McBryde
<b>B.O.G. :</b>	Russell Murray Winthrop Harewood
<b>Kanyana Committee:</b>	Stephen Ong Andrew Metcalfe Andrew Crowe Rosie Hepworth Salma Khalik Scott Teske

### **Acknowledgements**

Many thanks to all those who have contributed articles etc to this year's magazine. We apologize for omitting some and reducing others, but this we found necessary given the amount of photographs and articles we finally ended up with. As it stands, this year's magazine contains 8 more pages than previous years.

My gratitude is due to the Student's Club, the B.O.G. and our advertisers for enabling me to produce the kind of magazine I wanted.

Thanks also to the other members of the Kanyana Committee for their help and cooperation. Special thanks must go to Neva for her many hours spent at typing and her constructive comments; Scott, for his persistent efforts at visually documenting College life in 1978; Brad, for his painstaking efforts in doing the layouts and graphics for this magazine. And finally to the many others including Chris Baker, David Sudarmana, Margie Nolan, Jill, Sol, Jenny Graff, Tony Gilson, Greg Jones, Cooray; thanks also. All of you have helped make this magazine possible.



# Editorial

TIME has been chosen as the theme for this year's KANYANA issue. Indeed time is such a maverick term that although it encompasses all, it eludes all in concise meaning.

However, I will venture forth the view that TIME is more than happenings. It is bound up with our innermost reflections and aspirations, regrets and hopes, our anxieties and ambivalences about our pasts and our futures — and the ever changing present.

Insofar as life is taken to be a journey and College a moment in the vast continuum of TIME for all those persons passing through, it is that point of tangency wherein we intermingle with our respective pasts and whereby through that intermingling our futures are shaped. Indeed it is precisely because individuals have differing reasons and purposes for coming to College and being in College that College is bound to signify different things to different people.

Our brief sojourn at I.H. is then often a time where we effect a 'face' vis a vis others: in which we find new self-images or consolidate old ones, all within the framework of enmeshed relationships. College too is a place where the flaunting, finding or losing of selves is a totally arbitrary and random affair since friendships cannot be predetermined but happen in a haphazard and unpredictable way. In any case, I.H. with its cultural richness and diversity offers unique opportunities for each individual to expand upon what he has been and broaden what he is.

My aim for Kanyana '78 is that it should serve as a channel for self expression for individuals from a wide cross-section of college to air their views regarding Time, Life, College etc. It is thereby hoped that the fecund diversity of individual ideas and literary talent inherent in I.H., be it serious or humorous, in 1978 will be reflected in its annual magazine. Kanyana also provides the opportunity for a recollection of the year's events, and this is encompassed by the various reports and photographs of these events. Finally I hope that 'Kanyana 1978' will provide stimulating thought, entertainment and happy memories of this year; and that for everyone, their time spent at I.H. during this year has been worthwhile.

STEPHEN ONG



# Reflections and Directions

IVOR M.B. CRIBE  
Warden

Looking backward in time to the beginnings of International House in March 1965 is to experience nostalgia, some sadness, yet, overall, a feeling of well-being and rejoicing at the success of so many of our "Ex-Internationals" in their chosen careers. One recalls the occasions of international crisis, India and Pakistan, Malaysian and Indonesian confrontation, the Vietnamese war and the eventual fall of Saigon. One remembers also the disastrous flood of January 1974 and the way in which people rallied to make the college ready, albeit a little roughly, for occupation in Orientation Week, barely a month after the inundation.

From the outset, the prevailing enthusiastic desire at International House has been to provide an atmosphere of concern of caring and of thoughtfulness and consideration for the well-being of other members of their community. Two resident tutors, one Indian, one Pakistani, during their 1965 year sat next to each other at Formal Dinner (five a week in those days) at least outwardly displaying a harmonious relationship. During the Indonesian-Malaysian confrontation, a 'Malam Bersama' was attended by members of both those student societies. The long drawn out and bloody civil war in Vietnam was hotly debated both within the college, the University and the community at large and varied opinions were keenly held. With the surrender of Saigon many of our students lost contact for a long time with their families and loved ones. It was then that they were given much care and concern by so many members of college to help assuage their grief. Evidence such as this, highlights some of the past experiences shared by residents of the period and the manner in which they were handled reflects real credit on those who participated.

And now to the future — does one use a dark glass or a rosy glass? Will one have any greater success than our politicians in predicting our future?

International House is still a teenager (not yet quite fourteen years of age) yet has achieved an enviable reputation not only within this university but within the world at large. Can this status be maintained? What steps must be taken to ensure that International House fulfills its true role and function?

My own feeling is that there must be a continued and continuous concern for individuals and their needs. This is not easy when all the other worldly

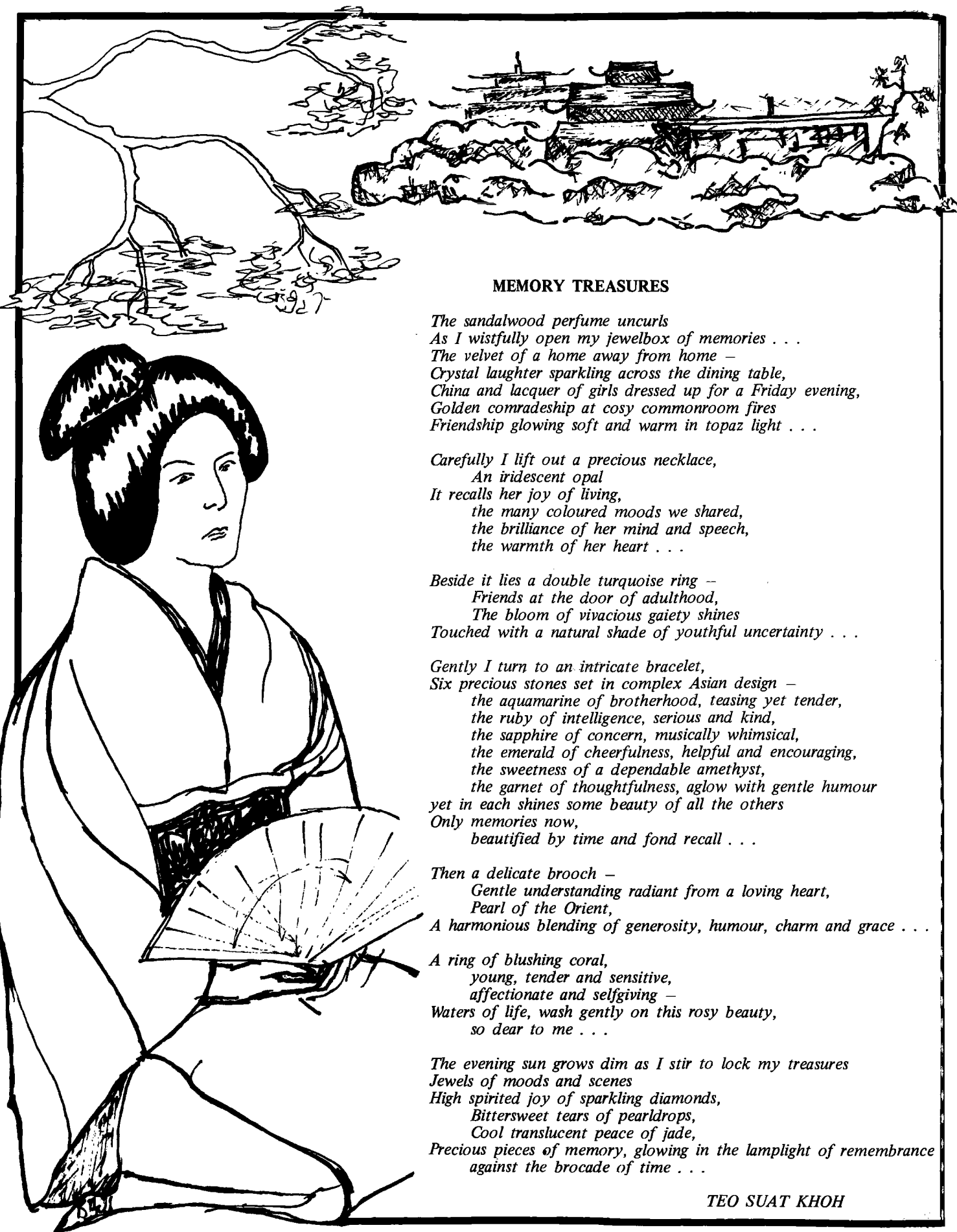
demands take up so much time and effort, so that often no energy or inclination remains for anything else. International House must also be flexible enough in its policies to satisfy the needs and aspirations of its members. Above all it must offer them a sense of belonging to their community and must provide a small unit within the wider university structure with which the student can identify and participate. That is, he may think of it as his own personal sanctuary, as the context for growing and learning, and a place where his own value is easily recognised. In other words, a college is particularly useful for humanising and personalising the university system and so long as International House continues to do this all should be well.

Concerning our wider aim of encouraging international understanding, just how successful we have been or will continue to be depends so much on the attitude of each and every college member. Perhaps it is very much a utopian dream and over the past years people have been severely critical of our avowed aim and of our shortcomings in achieving it. My answer would be this. Without a dream, a higher goal to aim at, or a challenge, life would become rather tedious and monotonous. Perhaps all we really can do is to supply a congenial meeting place plus a fervent and positive belief that something of universal brotherhood will be passed on. My experience of re-meeting "Ex-Internationals" during my Study Leave in 1976 does incline me to the belief that the bonds of former friendships do remain strong. Perhaps it is only on this individual level that our aim is attainable. If so, that is at least a start and with the years, as the numbers increase, the lessons learned and shared from living at International Houses throughout the world will be more widely disseminated.

And so I conclude with restating my conviction that the concept of international brotherhood is still a workable one and that the discrepancy between the ideal and its practice is, in a large measure, correctable by human beings.

In pursuit of this ideal all International Houses throughout the world adopt the following principle.

*"As light begets light, so love friendship and goodwill are passed from one to another. We who have come from many countries to live in one Fellowship in International House promise one another to pass the light wherever we go!"*



### MEMORY TREASURES

*The sandalwood perfume uncurls  
As I wistfully open my jewelbox of memories . . .  
The velvet of a home away from home –  
Crystal laughter sparkling across the dining table,  
China and lacquer of girls dressed up for a Friday evening,  
Golden comradeship at cosy commonroom fires  
Friendship glowing soft and warm in topaz light . . .*

*Carefully I lift out a precious necklace,  
An iridescent opal  
It recalls her joy of living,  
the many coloured moods we shared,  
the brilliance of her mind and speech,  
the warmth of her heart . . .*

*Beside it lies a double turquoise ring –  
Friends at the door of adulthood,  
The bloom of vivacious gaiety shines  
Touched with a natural shade of youthful uncertainty . . .*

*Gently I turn to an intricate bracelet,  
Six precious stones set in complex Asian design –  
the aquamarine of brotherhood, teasing yet tender,  
the ruby of intelligence, serious and kind,  
the sapphire of concern, musically whimsical,  
the emerald of cheerfulness, helpful and encouraging,  
the sweetness of a dependable amethyst,  
the garnet of thoughtfulness, aglow with gentle humour  
yet in each shines some beauty of all the others  
Only memories now,  
beautified by time and fond recall . . .*

*Then a delicate brooch –  
Gentle understanding radiant from a loving heart,  
Pearl of the Orient,  
A harmonious blending of generosity, humour, charm and grace . . .*

*A ring of blushing coral,  
young, tender and sensitive,  
affectionate and selfgiving –  
Waters of life, wash gently on this rosy beauty,  
so dear to me . . .*

*The evening sun grows dim as I stir to lock my treasures  
Jewels of moods and scenes  
High spirited joy of sparkling diamonds,  
Bittersweet tears of pearldrops,  
Cool translucent peace of jade,  
Precious pieces of memory, glowing in the lamplight of remembrance  
against the brocade of time . . .*

TEO SUAT KHOH



# And What Is Time? . . .

JENNY GRAFF: I see time in terms of the enjoyment that I receive from being with my friends.

FRANCES DONNELLY: Time is fleeting, there's not enough of it.

ANDREW WAKEFIELD: Time is to go and lie down on my bed.

JILL McBRYDE: I try to avoid wasting time or else life slips past and you get nothing.

JUSTINE D'ARCY: Time is money. Probably the old man's thoughts coming out in me. I don't care as long as I am rich – a millionaire or a billionaire, it doesn't really matter. Since I came to I.H. I am not as worried about growing old as I used to be – everyone else around me seems to be older and it doesn't bother me now.

DAVID HOLDOM: I have no coherent thoughts on the subject – just, bloody hell, where does it go to!

IAN BRIGGS: Time is to achieve.

DES NTHIA: Time doesn't matter, does it? My activity controls time, not the other way around. I never treat time seriously unless it involves my work or other people.

CAMERON STEVENSON: Time is only about clocks and watches. It's relative . . . but relative to what?

FATIMA VINCENT: Time is the most precious thing I possess – you can't get it again.

WILLY COWDEN: Time (next to women) runs my life.

BRAD HILL: I think of age and how time is encroaching on the span of my life.

SALMA KHALIK: Time is an abstract notion.

PETER JANSSEN: Time concerns history, destiny and where everything is going, the concept of historical determination. One has to find a point in the continuum of time, oriented to the future and based on the understanding of the past.

ELIZABETH GIBSON: There is not enough of it. The best time is when you're not concerned about it.

YUNG LEE: The best idea is to forget about time – it is the gate of wisdom.

MARK MORTIMORE: Time is feeling.

LERTPORN: Time passes too quickly. I have to be a part of it and sometimes I feel I would like to be master of it by controlling it.

NEVA MAXIM: Time is for wasting, whether productively or not.

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

1978 didn't see a great deal of organized social functions, but the social atmosphere all told this year, was quite good. We had a few informal type gatherings which were pretty enjoyable, one example being the party after Soiree. Great night!

To begin the year, we had a financially unsuccessful Bingo night, but for those who were there, they will remember it thanks to our caller 'Boobs' Butler. I must say, he was in high spirits for the night, especially seeing he'd just finished his final exams — a qualified physio!?!?

We had next planned an April Fools night and were looking forward to all the unexpected pleasures of April Fools Day, but alas it rained. Sunny Queensland — fooled us all!!

Bobby sox, sandshoes and slicked back hair were common sights at our next function, the 50's dance. With DJ providing some great boppy music and some great 50's music, it all added up to an unreal night. We even made a slight profit.

The Thai celebrations of Song Kran saw much water bombing, and films and a Sunday Supper provided by Chatt Chamchong. Social Committee helped with finance.

A superb night was had by all at the Dinner Dance on May 5th. Thanks to the kitchen staff we had an ideal selection of hot dishes and salads. Music was provided — compliments of the new College stereo (partially), set up underneath the Dining Hall. Successful all round!

Soiree kept most of us busy at the beginning of 2nd semester, so unfortunately no social arrangements were formally made.

Corroboree, a week of mixing, socializing and sporting events was perhaps the highlight of our social year, thanks to Rissole and Doc. We danced, drank and generally had a thoroughly enjoyable time on the flowing sewer of the Brisbane River. A bus trip to the Gold Coast, to show our visitors some sights of Queensland also went down well.

Thanks go to the kitchen staff for allowing us numerous barbeques throughout the week, and for their special dinner on the final night of Corroboree which saw presentation of trophies and plenty of dancing.

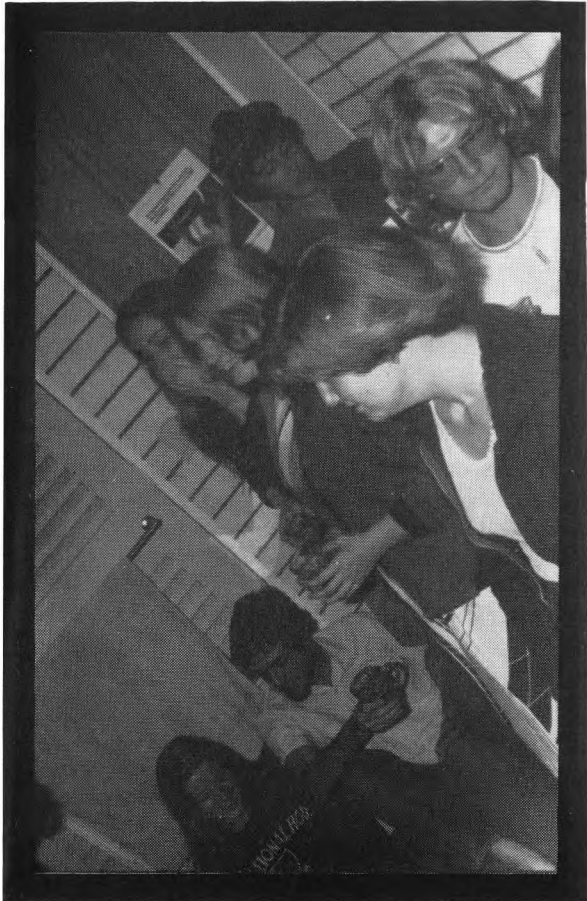
The event everyone was patiently waiting for, seemed to be well worthwhile the long wait. The Formal, held once again at the Axon room, had everyone raving to the sounds of Nivada, after having a scrumptious smorgasbord. As we expected, there was an increase in alcohol consumption over last year. I'm sure our waiters didn't mind 'helping out', as far as alcohol was concerned anyway. Unfortunately a few had to miss out on tickets due to over demand.

As Doc said last year it IS difficult to provide entertainment to suit all, and it is the aim of every Social convenor to promote integration of our many different cultures. This one aim, I believe was achieved during Soiree this year, but unfortunately we did not succeed socially. Hopefully, our Social Convenor in 1979 will have better success.

Thanks to the people, including the Social Committee who've helped organize everything this year. Hope to see this again next year!

ROSS OLE & MARGIE NOLAN





*Those were the days my friends  
We thought they'd never end.  
We'd sing and dance for ever and a day . . .*



# Kanyana '78

BERT MARTIN

*This day was yesterday named  
Tomorrow shall be yesterday proclaimed  
Tomorrow not yet come; not far away  
What shall tomorrow then be called? Today*

It was suggested by this year's Kanyana editor that I might write something of a reflective, nostalgic nature and/or based on some idea where International House is heading.

When I think of 'TIME' the theme for this year's Kanyana, many happenings come to mind. The first thing I would like to do is to pay tribute to those men who in 1954-55 formed a committee to investigate the desirability and practicability of promoting International House as a residential college within the University of Queensland, most of them have since passed away and our community is the poorer for their passing.

The broad basis laid down for International House to adopt has been adhered to as far as possible. They were that I.H. would be co-educational, that the college would have as far as possible 50% overseas students and 50% Australian students, that the college would provide a meeting place for the cultural, social and recreational activities for all non-Australian students of the University of Queensland and a place for Australian students to meet with non-Australian students. To have no bias regarding race, creed or beliefs of students or intending students of the college. It is a matter of history now that in April 1955 in the Lord Mayor's Reception rooms International House was officially launched, and while the promised support from the Rotary Club of Brisbane, the QWCA and Jaycees was immediately honoured, other promised support did not eventuate. On the contrary there was opposition from quarters where wholehearted support would naturally be expected and resistance from many others. However these attitudes had the reverse effect to that intended and it is with some pride and satisfaction that I am able to report that the residential portion of the college was completed in late 1968 and residence and full board is provided for 151 students.

Some opposition was voiced in relation to the type of structure and it was stated that it would not be suitable and would be unworkable as a residential college. But if things are going to be done, decisions have to be made and judgment has to be backed.

Suffice to say that in the light of the 13 years experience that the I.H. has been operating, if we had to make a decision today on the type of college buildings, we would build, we would in general make the same decision.

It has always been the policy to make I.H. self supporting and to fix residential fees so that this can be achieved, but to make no charge whatsoever against residential fees for capital costs, and that capital costs would be covered by money raised.

It is pleasing to note that although I.H. residential fees are lower than most, a surplus has been built up over the years in the operating account and it is doubly pleasing to report that the capital cost has been met and that the college is completely out of debt.

Plans are being drawn up for extension to the existing dining room, administration offices, a lounge type common room and hopefully a sound proof room, and fund raising is continuing to finance these extensions which when completed will complete the project.

Well enough of this aspect. What of the personal attitudes and experiences. I have repeatedly pointed out that the reason that I.H. was promoted and is operating, is to afford the facilities where as many students as care to take advantage of them, can form lasting friendships with students of all countries represented at this University and I am aware that some people who adopt a cynical attitude towards this concept and in fact do so to most things, say that the idea has never worked and never will.

There is nothing smart or new about being cynical as I recall I was that way myself fifty years or so ago. But eventually I grew up so there is some hope yet for the cynics. The truth of the matter is that I.H. has worked in this ideal and is working now; many lasting friendships have been formed at I.H. between students of different nationalities and many more are being formed and will be in the future.

But it is a two way traffic as said by Emerson.  
*The only way to have a friend is to be one.*

The many students that I have contacted both overseas and here close to home, who graduated from I.H. have a very high regard and memories of their stay in this college, and they do treasure the friendships they formed while living here.

It is therefore time I believe to claim that I.H. is a success story and I am confident that I.H. will go on from strength to strength as TIME marches on.



# CONCEPT OF TIME IN EASTERN AND WESTERN RELIGIONS.

*It is generally believed that the concept of time in Western religions is linear, while in the Eastern religions it is cyclical. What is meant thereby is that whereas the Western religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam tend to view the universe as having a beginning in time from which point onwards it undergoes linear progression till it comes to an end, in the Eastern religions, specially Hinduism and Buddhism, the universe is seen as undergoing phases of appearance and dissolution at regular intervals. According to more recent studies, however, the concept of cyclical time can be found even in Western religions, as, for instance, in the Ecclesiastes and the concept of linearity is not totally absent in Eastern religions. It is found, for instance, in the Mimamsa school of Hindu philosophy.*

*The differences in the concepts of time between Western and Eastern religions, therefore, may be sought, not in temporal patterns visualized by these religious traditions but rather in the scale on which these traditions think of time. According to the Biblical tradition the universe was created around 4000 B.C. and the end of the universe was at hand. Even though the Qur'an is more circumspect in this respect, the end of the world is believed to be proximate though not immediate. On the other hand, the basic unit of measuring time in Hinduism and Buddhism is a kalpa or aeon.*

*Once the Buddha was asked how long a kalpa was, and he replied with the following simile. Suppose there were a mighty mountain crag, four leagues in dimension all around, one solid mass of rock without any crack. Suppose also a man should come at the end of every century, and wipe that crag with a fine piece of cloth. That mighty mountain would be worn away and ended, sooner than would the aeon.*

*Thus while the Western concept of time, with its narrower but sharper horizon is more congenial for generating a sense of moral earnestness, the concept of time in Eastern religion is more in keeping that of temporal vastness with which modern science has made man familiar and forced him to count in terms of light years.*

ARVIND SHARMA



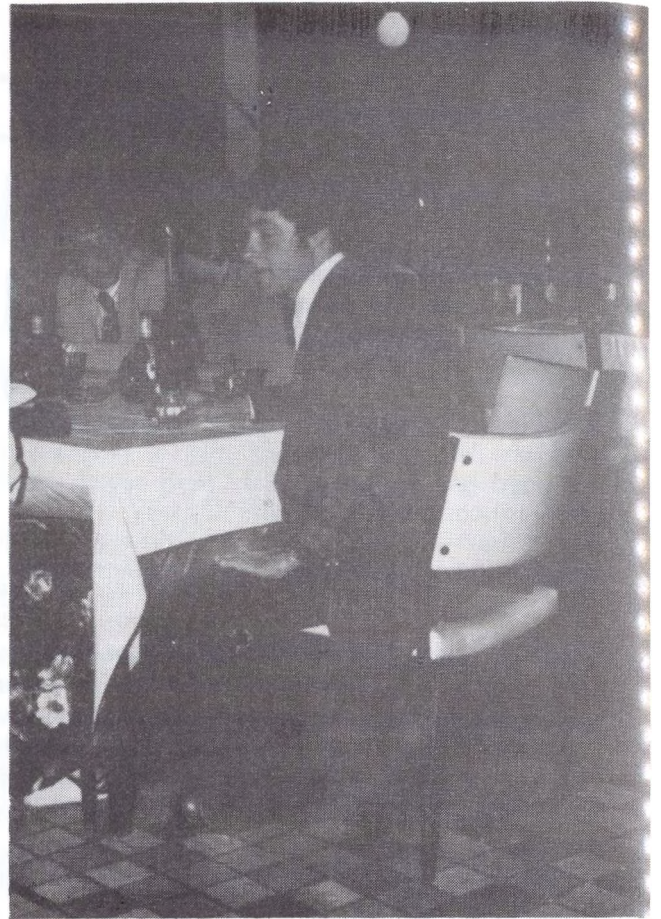
# bachelors report

This year has seen the inception of a new facet of the Student Club. Several members of College have seen the light and after having decided to devote themselves to study and upholding the Constituion of the Bachelors' Club, they raised the morals no end.

They have set out to nurse the "married" man back to the life of clean living. Specializing in living with nature on health foods from Greasy Harry's, Chiko Rolls from the Village and Fourex from the Cellar, has cured all our patients.

A delegation was sent to the annual conference in Toowoomba, the 'Darling Downs Bachelors and Spinsters Ball'. It was held at an archaic corrugated iron hall which was constructed in the time of the early settlers and was barely large enough for the crowd of 400 bachelors and partners who attended and enjoyed the country style entertainment, lubricated with southern grog. The Bachelors left Toowoomba at sunrise and arrived at headquarters (I.H.) just in time to scrape the yoghurt bowl at breakfast.

The Bachelors have two working holidays during the year. In mid-September they scraped the cobwebs and removed the napthalene from their Op Shop suites and presented themselves with the finest ladies at the 1978 Formal. Of course those that couldn't afford an original second hand suit from Henry's Menswear were forced to look out of place in fancy frills and stapled hems of hired dinner suits. Members of the Club were at their best behaviour that night to show all the disbelievers that Bachelors really can be couth.



Well, the close of 1978 has seen the membership of the Club drop. Next year it is hoped to spread the Bachelors' word of reality. The Bachelors' guidance number is 370 9593. Meetings are held weekly. Every Friday night after midnight, after a round of coffee, more experienced members deliver sermons entitled, 'Love is the Root of All Evil', 'Money Makes the World Go Round', 'Breaking Hearts Makes the Club Grow Stronger' and 'When Your Heart's on Fire, Smoke Gets in your Eyes'. Anybody interested in spending boring Saturday nights at home having been rejected by girls and discussing humanities should attend some of these meetings.

Remember, that at the first sign of heart throb or wedding bells, take two Disprin and ring the Bachelors' guidance number, to find out when the next confession session is to be held. Let's not forget — in spite of popular opinion — that love is a curable disease.

RISSOLE &  
RUSSELL





# A Pulse of Moments

*One of the most unthinking statements offered to the young, the youthful, and the not-so-young-and-youthful is that, the world is an oyster waiting for you to prize it open.*

*The lack of thought becomes obvious with a few question. With what does one prize it open? One is not born with a sharp knife clasped in one hand. What makes the world an oyster? What makes it a flaccid grey-white lump of flesh jammed in a flattened and hardened shell? If one eats it, what does one do next, besides having global indigestion?*

*With a little thought, perhaps the proposition could be changed (and excusing the chauvinism) to that of: the world is like a lovely lady . . . and so on. This analogy strikes some problems, however, although there is in general a catered response to the first question.*

*The others are still pertinent. What, for example, does one do after the prize has been prized? Poke around for something else? Stuff it away somewhere?*

*It does imply the ideas of paying a price for the goods within, and also of receiving the slaps and rejections common in daily living.*

*Maybe the whole analogy should be changed. Life could be seen as some gigantic and confusing bus-route that picks you up somewhere and sets you down elsewhere. The direction one takes is a personal choice of the (sometimes limited) number of vehicles available. These vehicles become the living pulse of life, and our living the passenger within.*

*The vehicles can be equated with work, life-style, or training concepts. "University" can be regarded therefore as a particular bus taking one so far until one descends and selects another. So one has: the world is a bus-route waiting for you to catch the ride. A proviso has then to be added – be sure you have the ticket and catch the right bus. One always has to pay the price of the journey.*

*Taking the world as a bus-route, then college can be seen as a bus-stop; a shelter within which one can catch one's philosophical and personal breath, take stock of the routes and schedules, and seek the right connections.*

*Little determines how long one stays or what buses are finally caught, yet that pause and search does provide some changes, large or small, if not in choice of vehicle and direction, then in terms of the type of traveller one would be – gregarious, convivial, cool, reticent, quiet, unwilling, intolerant, or hostile.*

*Whether one wills it or not, the atmosphere and presence of a college, as in any other similar situation, leaves an imprint upon one's self, one's way of looking at the world in general. Just as the character and structure of the bus and the personalities of its occupants colour both act and memory of the journey, so too does the grind and gaiety of college life leave permanent impressions.*



*Prejudices and tolerances, hatreds and loves, ignorance and knowledge – all are swayed and influenced by the college and one's experiences within.*

*In this respect, International House seems to hold true more than usual. The availability of different races, ages, and sexes living within a small and structurally tight community can create impressions, both positive and negative, that affect one's outlook upon living, life, and other humans. One cannot help but become flexible or inflexible, tolerant or intolerant.*

*When one eases back the years and lets memories drift in their dark and silent spaces, one realises the burnishing, polishing, shaping effect that life, and in this particular case college life, has had upon one. Memories slide with ease from joy to devastation, from pleasure to boredom, and from personality to personality.*

*College as a bus-stop in the grand bus-route of living. It need not help one choose the right routes, or the right vehicles. But it does provide the opportunity to refresh the flow of interest in life and in one's own life.*

*It provides that breathing space where one can become better than one was; where one can decide on future routes and future tickets that have to be paid for. It is up to the individual traveller, experienced and beginner alike, to consider his own schedule, his own willingness, and accept the implicit help that such shelter can provide.*

*Well . . . here comes another set of vehicles. Choose the one you want. Remember once it is moving you cannot get off until the next stop. Got your ticket? Good. Good-bye. Good luck. Thanks for passing this way. I hope you have caught the right one for you.*

ROBERT HEATH



## SOIREE REPORT

Soiree has always been a major event in Student Club activities because it is a time when International House students show, to the people of Brisbane, their cultures and backgrounds and we all get together to work with a common aim. Over the years however, the way in which this aim has been achieved has changed. The original Soiree consisted of displays, an evening meal at I.H. and then on to Mayne Hall for an International Floorshow. In 1976, this format was altered to that of an International Fair, held throughout the afternoon in the grounds of I.H. The Fair included displays, food stalls run by either students or outside interests (the profits went to those running the stalls) and a formal concert, put on as a part of the afternoon's festivities. After last year's Soiree, there was a great deal of discussion about the aims of Soiree, whether they were being achieved and the growing commercialism of the day and the lack of College participation in the event. Thus the 1978 Soiree Committee tried to build upon the successful parts and build on the mistakes of the previous year.

In its final form, Soiree '78 was a blending of the two formats. There were displays in every common room, food stalls in the grounds, a fashion parade and other activities throughout the afternoon and to top off the day, a concert was held in the Abel Smith Lecture Theatre in the evening. The biggest change was that there was almost total student participation, with every food stall run by the Student Club. This overcame the problem of exorbitant prices by enabling better price control and hopefully removed most of the undesirable commercial aspects that had crept into previous Soirees.







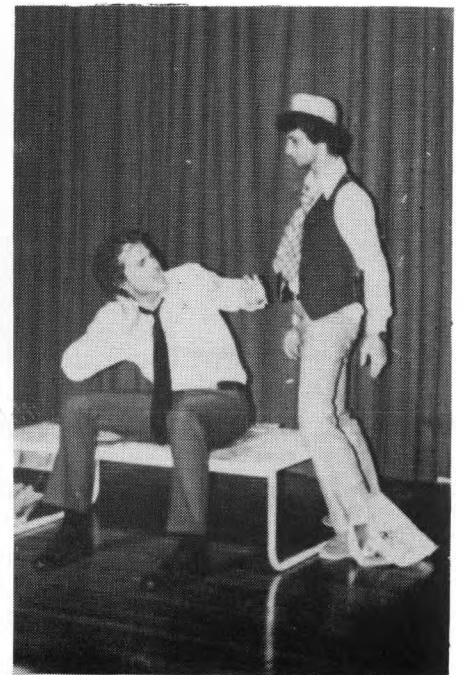
I was thrilled by the enthusiasm shown towards Soiree this year and the spirit which existed was clearly evident on the day. The displays were of a very high standard and the great cooks among us certainly came to the fore. These culinary skills didn't go unnoticed judging by the rapidity with which the food was consumed. Other highlights of the afternoon included the fashion parade, the Tae Kwan Do display, the koala bears and of course our famed fortune tellers. Although our advertising campaign was concentrated on the Rotary Clubs and University Campus, the crowds were still attracted, perhaps even more pleasingly because of the bleak outlook of the weather. Thankfully the rain held off on the day.

The reintroduction of the evening concert certainly proved a great success. Thanks to Shapoor, Rosie and the backstage crew, the night ran very smoothly (except for me missing my cue) and the hard work which had gone into producing the concert was plainly evident.



I owe thanks to a great number of people who helped in so many ways to make Soiree a success. Firstly I must thank my committee — Neva Maxim, David Snow, Patti Thomson and Chris Hagan — for all the great work and support they gave me. (Especially Neva who has more patience than I to write some 200 letters). I also owe a debt of thanks to Shaps for his efforts with the concert, Jenny Graff and Vicki Beldan who literally had a finger in every pie. Then of course to Peter, my continual back up, and to Mr. Cribb who helped in so many ways. To all the national organizers, their friends and O.S.S. and all others who helped, thank you and congratulations.

KAREN GILMORE  
Soiree Convenor



# LEAPING FROM THE IVORY TOWER

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Tempus Fugit — the epigram so often a melancholic cry for a lost youth, submerged in the work-a-day world of responsibility. But time does fly and the undergraduate years are fundamental to the maturation of the adolescent school-kid.

As an aspiring solicitor doing Articles and resident in College, I have been asked to recount my observations during my tenure at the Ivory Tower, a subjective exercise though a task blessed with the benefit of hindsight.

Many, including myself, entered University expecting an electric atmosphere of philosophic debate with contrary views based on reasoned study and an almost euphoric aura of compassion. In reality, the University encapsulates the same prejudices prevalent on ocker Australia and the same glib answers voiced by the beef and burgundy set.

The reason of this eludes me but perhaps it is dependant on the dual development of freshmen, that is, intellectual development, encompassing the first thoughts of philosophy, society and politics and personal development which entails exploring one's own feelings and attitudes and the finding of one's own moral standards.

These seventeen year olds, having entered this mindless teaching factory become resplendant in their anonymity, longing for identity. The heroic football exploits of yesteryear offer little solace. Issues, the stuff of University, if a luxury in the real world, cry out for contemplation.

In Queensland, the University is the heart of liberalism, the critical analysis of ideas, the status quo, and seeking the unknown is the norm. Many react with apathy which in response, pushes others to the espousal of extreme philosophies.

Reasoned debate is replaced by an instantaneous cure, an easy slogan, one which does not lend itself to compromise. Look at the sessions of petty abuse in the Student Union debate. The embryonic adult tastes loneliness.

The void is filled by the peer group, that institution which knows no deviation, through which the innocent discovers sex, alcohol, politics and 'rages'. The prattle of individuality, so often the clarion call of the young, gives way to the uniformity of T-shirts and jeans.

The peer group is paramount, a unity marked by sheep-like behaviour and stultifying conformity which so easily denies any individuality, even in this citadel of scholarship.

For too many Australians, there is an inability to examine issues or people on their merits. The quick categorization, makes a mockery of the 'raison d'être' of the University — to think, to tolerate. Too easy is it to ridicule or malign he who is different, for this would be to disturb the artificial solidarity of the 'mob'.

This nebulous mass cannot comprehend an individual's separate existence from itself, any dissent must be quelled. The end result is a silent cynicism: a stifled personality, living in an emotional vacuum, valuable thoughts hidden behind bland statements, offending no-one or bold declarations coupled with a stubborn refusal to deviate for fear of reprisal. And thus are the years of academy nullified.

A peer group is often a catalyst to learning and meeting new people and if grounded in love and mutual respect it can be a real joy in our uncertain world. The University is a profoundly emotional experience, the real education of those enveloped in naivete.

Those doubtful, painful days, unprotected by elders, are a crucible, refining the raw iron of adolescence to the hardened steel of maturity.

As time progresses, the freshman finds his goal in life, his thoughts turn to a career and the carefree, urgent, endless rounds of parties begin to lose their attractions, for many things have been tried and the drive for new experiences is satisfied.

Finally, on reaching that goal of employment, one learns to subordinate one's dislikes, to deal with all manner of people and to obey institutions which, at first seem mindless, yet on reflection are quite reasonable. The key-note is self-discipline. It is abundantly clear that the University

thrives on esoteric, theoretical distinctions which are of no application in the real world. Employers seek competency and efficiency with a minimum of fuss.

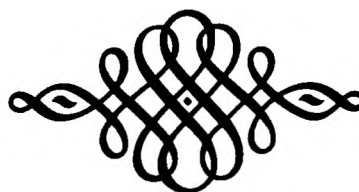
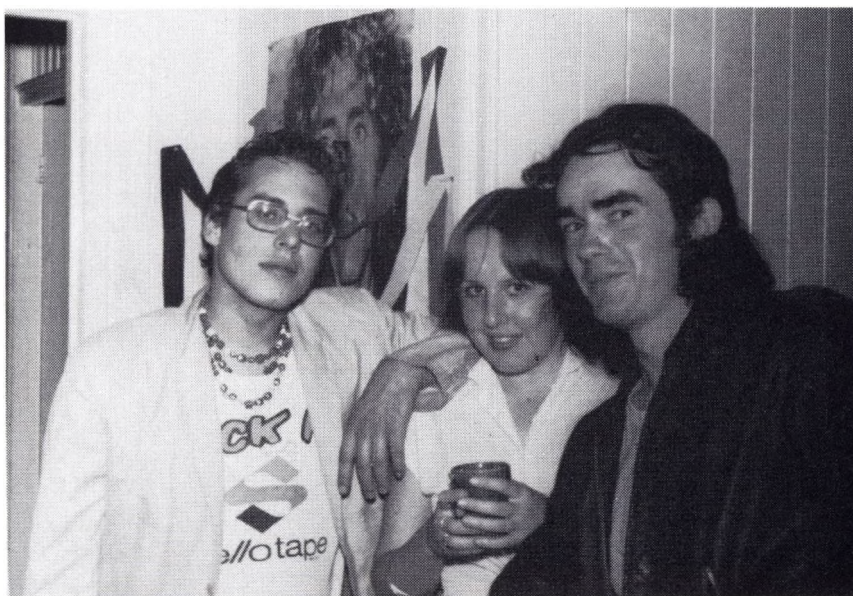
College is but a microcosm of the University and its more youthful residents cannot comprehend that those who work must do so every day, iron shirts, shave and conform to other quaint notions held by employers.

Similarly, do many Australians have difficulty conceiving the poverty of the homes of some of overseas residents and their rare fortune in being able to study in Australia. But this is the strength of International House – and youth – for we have the opportunity to be availed of for the exchange of ideas is the life-blood of the community.

University is almost a Catch 22 situation. As an undergraduate, one has the time, energy and ideals to effect good works, yet not the experience or knowledge. The personal need and human instinct to protect and nurture one's home, security and family and the regrettable desire to acquire material wealth, push idealism away. Youthful tolerance fades and those who professed justice and love now see themselves as the beneficiaries of once condemned inequities.

I, for one, hope that I never lose the ability to get upset over injustice but even as I write this, I know it may be a vain hope.

EUGENE WHITE





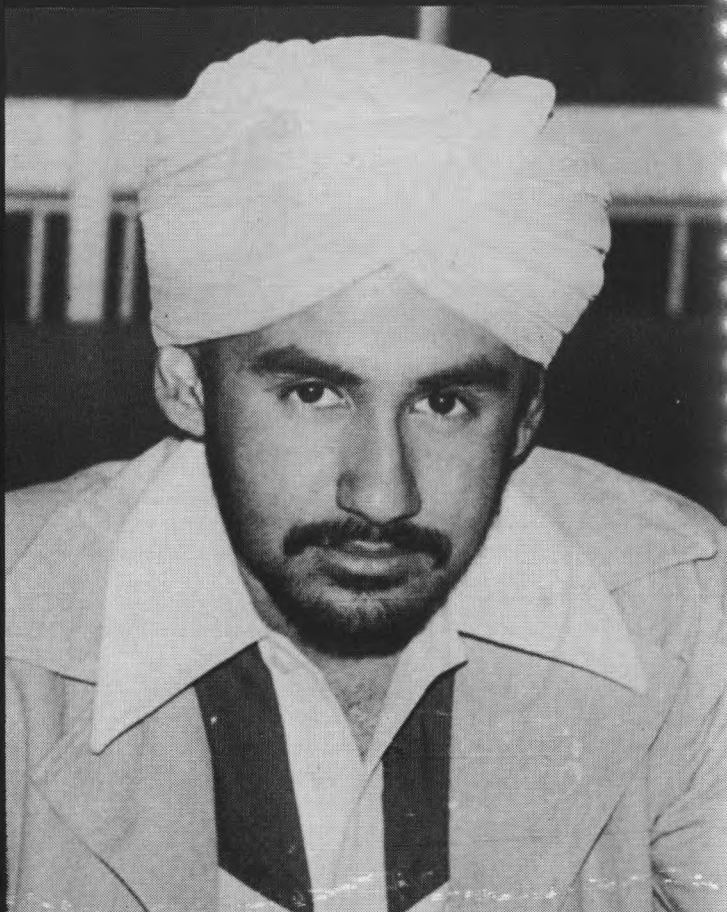
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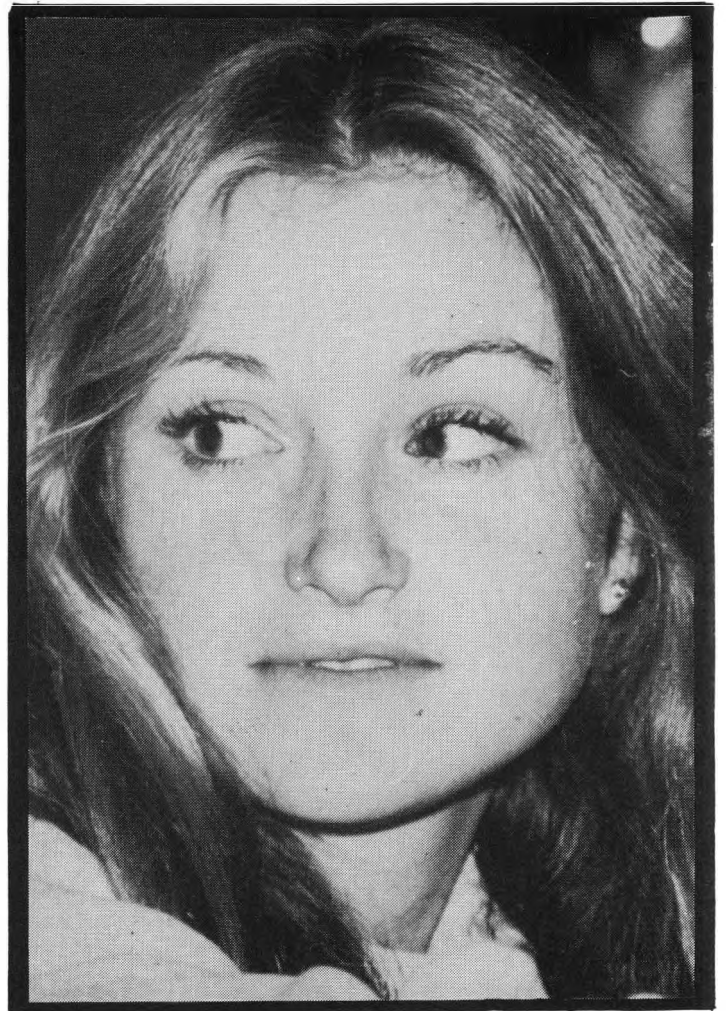
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*Satvinder Singh*

# *Experiences of an Overseas Australian Student . . .*



Probably the biggest step I've ever taken in my life was that gigantic one from Tasmania (that place at the South Pole), across to the "mainland", to sunny Queensland. Unfortunately, the immigration to Australia involved a lot more than the seemingly simple step involved.

I had 5 days to organise all those boring complicated procedures, like filling out papers and getting I.D. photos for passports (Ansett student concession passes).

Crocodile tears were wept the day I left, but my father still gave me strict final instructions to vote "NO for JO".

After changing planes twice and arriving in rainy Queensland 6 hours later, I was bewildered to see so many people at the airport . . . to greet me?!?! Fortunately, these screaming teenyboppers were awaiting the arrival of a slightly more well known celebrity, Rod Stewart.

Train (a new experience) and bus, got me to St. Lucia the next day for my first Uni lectures. WOW!! The place was so huge! 18,000 students! Hard to imagine for a girl like me, who came from a place of population of at least less than 100 (that's what many seem to think anyway). Oh Well!

It never took long, but on my second day of residence, they rushed me off for inoculations. Probably some sort of apple bug — you know, "apple isle", apples, hops, potatoes — crazy notions!!

. . . and then, the unique opportunity of moving into International House. I fulfilled the main prerequisites, that is, being an overseas student (from Tanzania, according to our friend Amigo) and being an Australian student (probably only because I had a slightly recognizable Australian accent).

A room was offered to me and I moved in straight away, but trauma of . . . stares in the dining room. I felt like an overseas student OR was it because I am a female!?

Probably one of the most difficult barriers to overcome was the problem of language. Amazingly enough bathers are togs, suitcases are ports, duchesses are dressing tables, and the refec is the ref. One also could notice distinct dialect differences, for example pool in Queenslandish is pooool (pu:l) and in Tasmanian is pul (pʌl). Luckily enough these communication difficulties have been overcome but . . .

One interesting point to note is that Queenslanders definitely do suffer from a lack of education in spatial awareness. I decided this when once asked, "Can you walk around Tasmania in one day?" — and I must say I have always wondered about the analogy of me with a Tasmanian Devil.

Has it any underlying devious meaning?

Moving to Queensland has meant a unique opportunity for me to build up an awareness of cultural differences. Perhaps most ironically I am referred to as a "banana bender" once I return home. I wonder if it's because I'm now a true blue Aussie??

Oh, by the way, hooray!

MARGIE NOLAN  
Tasmania . . .

### COME OF AGE

*A wisp of hair comes curling down;  
Your eyes are shut,  
You hear no sound.  
And all at once the memories  
Of years long past,  
Keep coming back,  
Coming Back.*

*No footsteps fall upon that path,  
With laughter caught between now and then.  
And sorrows come and multiply,  
As lost loves linger on a sigh.*

*A strand of hair comes swirling down;  
Your head is bowed,  
Your lips are still.  
For all at once your youth is spent,  
Though childhood seems  
A second gone,  
Second gone.*

*The breath of hours fades so sweet;  
And earth warm molds around your feet.  
So silently you shut a door,  
On moments split upon the floor.*

*A strand of hair comes curling down;  
Your dreams are lost,  
You count the cost.  
Fast fades the flickers of the past,  
For finally  
you've come of age,  
Come of Age.  
Yes finally  
You have come of age.*

R. HEATH

### TIME

*The clock scrawls pedantic circles  
circumlocuting decision  
as each minute crawls into trial  
subpoenaed by that fascist face  
of pointed dials that  
implodes each moment with its imploring look  
– into fragments.*

STEPHEN ONG



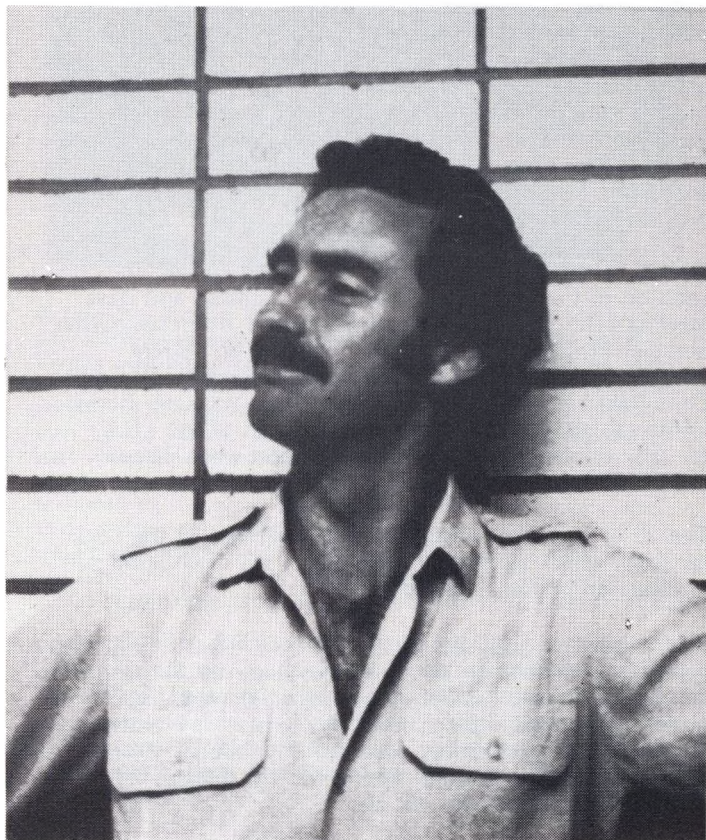
# President's Report

I do not intend to dwell on the achievements or failings of the IHSC in 1978: they are well documented elsewhere in Kanyana. The sporting programme was very full and well run, and a reasonably successful overall result achieved. From a cultural standpoint, Soiree was extremely well organised and executed, a credit to its convenor. Also on a cultural note, a successful Sunday Suppers programme was instituted this year and provided the basis for much cross-cultural mixing. Further, Brisbane I.H. hosted its first Corroboree for many years and, although for various reasons not particularly well attended, Corroboree was enjoyed greatly by those who did attend. The social calendar, while not prolific, did provide many opportunities for members to gather in fellowship. To this general point, I will return shortly.

The Warden has been generous and unstinting with his help and generosity to the Students' Club. He has given his thorough attention to everything raised by the Students' Club and attempted to ensure that we receive the maximum effect of his influence. Likewise the BOG has been invariably attentive to our problems and generous to our requests. To the Warden and the BOG go my sincere thanks for lessening my chances of a heart attack. To the members of the Executive and the General Committee, I thank them and can give no higher praise than to say that they did their jobs (and, in some cases, more) competently and efficiently.

In the course of the year, it became apparent that the perennial International House malaise was still with us, (I might add here, not pessimistically, that while human beings remain human it will always be with us, and that this is the very reason IH was established). I refer of course to the stated aim of International House, a subject on which I have been publicly silent. I feel now is an appropriate time to voice my opinions (for they are simply my opinions) because they may be of help in analysing (and judging, if you wish to judge) this year at International House.

Firstly, brotherhood does not inherently imply friendship, although it may lead to friendship. The essence of brotherhood is toleration: toleration recognises another person's right to dislike you, and implies forbearance on your part to judge him simply because he has judged you. Consequently, tolerance and brotherhood simply cannot be forced, but must be nurtured; i.e. the conditions for friendships to form must be made as propitious as possible. It is then up to the students themselves to initiate and foster the resultant relationships. Since it takes two people to form a friendship, it seems quite pointless and inappropriate to argue about who or what is responsible for the "lack of interaction": the simple fact is that we are all solely responsible for our own individual interaction or lack thereof. But that, as I see it, is a side issue which many mistake for the real issue, which I see (perhaps simplistically) as 150 people from diverse cultures living at International House without committing mayhem upon each other: anything more than that is a bonus. Furthermore, (perhaps I'm a cock-eyed optimist), I think that maybe at IH we haven't been so unsuccessful in achieving our aim as some would lead us to believe.



Following on with the side issue mentioned above, I believe that people, if they want something (as opposed to simply thinking that they want it), will do something about it. I received few suggestions this year, although I received more criticisms. From this, I can only assume that some people, although they didn't like what they got, didn't know what they wanted. One problem was the lack of a pipeline for overseas students to the General Committee (until Steve Ong was elected in 2nd Semester). Consequently, it is heartening to see the interest being shown by overseas students in the elections for next years positions.

I extend my congratulations and best wishes to the 1979 President and his Committee. Finally my thanks to everyone in College who has given help, not just me and my Committee, but in any way at all — especially those silent and unnoticed helpers. You have all helped further to strengthen International House as a place to live.

ALLISTAR TWIGG



## CAR RALLY — 1978

The morning of the 16th of August dawned fine and calm. The residents of Brisbane awoke to the thought of a public holiday; the "Ekka", or perhaps a day at the beach. The residents of I.H. awoke to thoughts of that one day of the year, the day when both man and machine are tortured to the furthest limits, the day of the Gala event of the Motoring year, the day of the I.H. Car Rally!

Preparations had been going on for weeks before. The course had been surveyed, instructions printed, checkpoints established. Participants had been busy overhauling their cars: checking oil, suspension, and referdex. The most ostentatious preparations had perhaps been lavished upon the Fiat motor mower dealers team car, in the form of Russ Bach's Fiat (formula 500). He and his navigator, Dave (Shorty) Snow spent an entire afternoon affixing motifs and decals to the exterior of their machine, and practising tyre changing drill.

Overall the rally attracted many and varied entries. In addition to the Fiat, Cam Stevenson's Daihatsu and Dave Mewing's Datsun 1000 made up a strong 1 litre class. Other notables included Ron and Beryl (winners of a street directory in recognition of their skills in navigation); Gail, Chris Baker in an ageing Kombi Van (that was later buried in the car park); and Greg Seely (a veteran of the I.C.C. car rally — noted for his reckless abandon when placed behind the wheel).

The 20 or so entries were started at 8.30 a.m. in the back car park, which was transformed into a sea of choking dust, interspersed with exhaust fumes.

Drama occurred from the outset. The starting officials were placed in imminent danger of serious injury by the mindless and frantic attempts of Mewing to win the award for "most novel and entertaining exit from the car park". Needless to say his reversing, stopping, door shutting, bonnet closing, accelerating, boot shutting routine was the undisputed choice of the wondrous officials.



First checkpoint was at the Jindalee Pub, where Cos and Peta Burling added a feminine touch to proceedings. Armed only with XXXX (remember the good old days before the strike?) and bravely warding off the errant wattle trees that served as souvenirs of the first leg, they received and dispatched the competitors with admirable efficiency. It is here that Cos must be thanked for her help in surveying the Mt. Coot-tha part of the rally, a job made easier by her obvious knowledge of the area . . .

The real testing ground came in the second leg. The rally wound around the scenic delights of suburban Kenmore, continuing onto the treacherous curves of the Mt. Crosby road. Rumour has it that Debbie McEwan (a veteran of this part of the countryside) was so set on going forward at this stage that she found it impossible to reverse!

Luckily, Bob Greenhill was able to gallantly come to her aid, and sort out her problems . . . Disaster struck the Fiat dealer team at the brick counting part — when they were informed by an officious off-duty member of the Queensland Police Force that they were taking part in an illegal rally. Dave and Russell, as ever conscious of the need to avoid illegitimate behaviour, removed their signs.

After wending its way around the outskirts of Ipswich and Amberley, the rally arrived at the Walloon Pub, to the inebriated services of the members of the second checkpoint, Briggsie and Leonie. A sojourn in the scenic Fassifern Valley ensued, with the end of the course, Moogerah Dam, soon being reached.

Outright winner was Cam Stevenson and co., with Dave McGuinness and Dave Mewing occupying equal second place. The sedate driving of Debbie McEwan earned her third place.

Thanks must go to all who helped us organise the event, on the day and beforehand; particularly Vicki Cossins, Roscoe, Leonie Biddle, and Peta Burling. Have fun next year!

ANDREW METCALFE & IAN BRIGGS  
CONVENORS



# — Corroboree —

Rain, Hail or Telecom dispute Brisbane I.H. seemed determined to hold its first Corroboree in 5 years and thanks to organizers like Doc we eventually managed. So on the 27th August we welcomed into the fold 11 Sydneyites, 12 Melbournites and 1 Wollongongean. Despite disparaging remarks from the Melbournites about our beautiful Queensland sunshine, the first day went off successfully. The Southern I.H.ians were truly initiated into Brisbane by a trip to Mt. Coot-tha and the inevitable XXXX drunk on the parapets (one can only be thankful they didn't come in October/November when we would have been forced to serve them some of that liquid from down south which they have the audacity to call beer).

Monday came and with it began the hectic programme of sporting events organized by Rob G., perhaps made more hectic by the exercise gained running out of the rain. Seeing the Melbournites brought their weather up with them it was up to us to show the southerners we could rise above the foreign conditions and slosh our way to victory. It seemed that Sydney had other ideas: they rather soundly defeated us at Ping Pong. Melbourne got in on the act and made their way to victory in several sports. Not to be outdone we retaliated strongly with wins in Basketball and Debating. Due to both weather and numbers, many of the sports planned, and some not even thought of, became social events in which all the colleges mixed to form teams. In all these were the most successful, with I.H. never suffering a defeat.

On the social scene all went off brilliantly and to quote one Melbourne I.H.ian, "There was always something to do." The Barbeque dinners, organized by Rissole to allow us to have a final Dinner Dance, were held 3 nights during the week and were a pleasant change even if the weather did force us to cook and eat indoors on 2 nights. To supplement our organized social activities many impromptu events took place: from card parties to ten pin bowling on a night at "Grease".

Three major functions were organized — the first of these being a boat trip down the crystal Brisbane River, under a starlit sky (?). The evening was most successful, though a few hearts skipped a beat or two when our captain Laurie, tried to manoeuvre around bridges and dock at the jetty. It seems he had prior warning of the subsequent beer strike and had been trying to drink his fill there and then. So good was the music organized by our D.J., Ray, that at one stage people were sighted dancing to it on the river bank. With no losses overboard, all finally clambered ashore though some seemed a little wobbly — perhaps they had got their sea legs.



A fine day looked like it was going to elude us when the adventurous rose and piled aboard our bus to the coast Friday morning. True to the Gold Coast however we were rewarded by sunshine and blue skies just as soon as we hit Southport. Continuing southwards we crossed the border into Tweed Heads. The "bitter cold" and threatening clouds here caused us to rush back over the border and into the sunshine once more. A counter lunch at Broadbeach was followed by a stop in Surfers where the southerners shed their clothes and went for a surf — and a bit of "bird watching". From here we trooped off back to Brisbane finishing along the way, ably helped by the bus driver, the liquid sustenance supplied by the Cellar — thanks to Roscoe.

Once back at Brisbane I.H. no time was wasted before launching into our last social function — the Dinner Dance. The evening was interspersed with official matters, such as the presentation of the Perpetual Trophy — jointly won by Brisbane and Melbourne, and with the not so official presentations from Brisbane to Sydney and Melbourne. With the official part of the evening over, the trophy was filled with champagne and passed around (one way of supporting our motto — May Brotherhood Prevail). The evening drew on and what was to be a 12 o'clock finish went till 2 a.m. for most. Some of the more hardy (or foolhardy) even went as far as staying up till 9.30 a.m. Saturday morning.

With the week behind them the southern I.H.ians began to depart. Most left expressing their regrets it was over and thanking Brisbane I.H. for being "helpful, friendly and co-operative". One Melbournite, while casting disparaging remarks about our laundry facilities and grounds, commented that she was very impressed with the active role that "our" students play in the actual running of the college and she felt that if we went to Melbourne I.H. we would be less impressed with their student body. Sydney's Student Club President perhaps best expressed the overall lighthearted atmosphere of Corroboree when he wrote:

Your girls are cute  
Your beer is beaut  
The Corroboree you gave us  
Was made to suit.

JANELLE KNOWLES



## PARAPET CLUB REPORT

The parapet system of International House is as distinctive as it is intriguing and it is not surprising to learn that the very existence of this architectural innovation has led to the emergence of a new way of living for college residents.

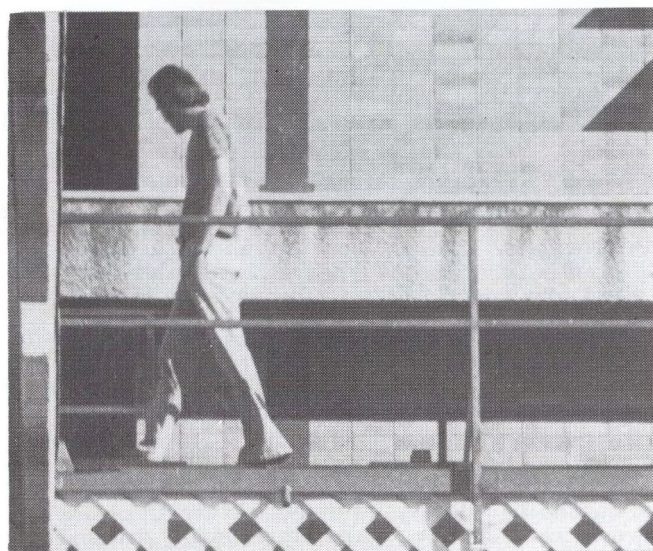
Fascinated observers have likened the revival of interest in the parapet system to that of an annual general meeting and fears that growing popularity of the walkways would lead to the formation of a club are well founded.

The final confirmation of the existence of such a group was revealed recently when the constitution of the International House Parapet Club was circulated throughout the Towers.

Generally speaking, the club is non-denominational, open to all members of International House. Specifically, the club is for male members only, although the constitution fairly caters for female members — they must at all times be accompanied by a male member of the club. Chauvinistic perhaps but hardly sexist.

Other provisions written into the constitution include the following:—

1. Regular social events (restricted naturally to the parapet system) — usually of a liquid nature!
2. Enforced safety rules: namely keeping to the middle of the parapet at all times — except when passing and then at walking pace.
3. Encouraging all members to freely express their emotions in any form they please — usually with a range of water-filled plastic gags.
4. Legacy benefits for members' dependants.



Of course it must be realized that the parapet club owes its existence to a decision made in the early sixties. By building a fire escape walkway linking all men's towers at third floor level (reinforced with fully enclosed walkway at second floor level — used by people with blood alcohol level above 0.1).

International House legally defied the building code of the time, which required lifts in all buildings of four floors or higher — a nasty, expensive business.

The unequalled foresight of our College's founding fathers is saluted by the International House Parapet Club. The interconnecting walkway has proved to be of immeasurable worth in inter-tower communication. (Not to mention informal social events and water sports.)

Strangely though, club members are rarely seen 'communicating' between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. Monday to Friday, although at other times its members are more appreciative of the existing facilities.

In conclusion, may I remark that if 1978 was any indication of the popularity of the Parapet Club, its continued existence is assured.

Finally, I leave you with the club's motto:

"In parapets we trust;  
Through waterbombs we prevail"

DAVID SNOW

Footnote:

Please forward all member enquiries to:—

The Warden  
International House  
St. Lucia, Q. 4067.

# G TOWER: AN ARCHAIC BASTION IN TIME

*There's a red house over yonder,  
that's where my baby stays.  
There's a red house over yonder, baby,  
that's where my baby stays.  
Well I ain't been over to see my baby,  
in about ninety-one and one-half  
days.  
'Bout time I see her; wait a minute,  
something's wrong — the key  
won't unlock the door.  
I might as well go on back down,  
go back 'cross yonder over  
the hill.  
'Cause if I can't get into G-tower now,  
baby, without a master key  
I never will!*



(from "Red House" by Jimi Hendrix — a twelve bar blues in key of D minor)

Anyone who viewed the infinite expanse of cars that filled Rock Street on the morning following the I.H. formal, might as well feel that the continuing popularity of G-tower is assured. However, in the light of increased pleas for a society free from double standards and hypocrisy, the position of that anomalous institution, basking in the glory of its isolationist splendour, could well be reassessed.

I.H. has always been a pace setter in University life, and it would be a great pity to see its development suddenly stagnate and find our College absorbed into the general analgous mass of mediocrity characterized by the bulk of university colleges.

We have here, in our attempts at brotherhood, a unique character built around an exemplary goal. Yet why limit ourselves to achieving friendship and understanding between countries? Why not strive towards that even higher ideal — with its considerably greater rewards — of achieving friendship and understanding between the sexes.

Such a task is best not undertaken from a distance. College life should aim at solving these problems that plague society at large — bigotry, intolerance, misunderstanding — and it is a sad but undesirable fact that those who live in this College may as well eke out their future existence suffering under the gross misapprehension that the fairer sex are creatures who should be locked up at eleven o'clock each night.

An imbalance exists in the very ratio of men to women in this college. The disadvantages of such a system are obvious — under such a work-load, many females are sure to become overtaxed, and a lot of males are sure to miss out!

If we adopt a realistic approach, we must admit that changes in this area of college are inevitable. It is simply a matter of whether we should play a leading role in this honourable and highly desirable task, or fall into step after watching the priase go to one of our fellow institutions.

DAVE MEWING

## CHEMIST

**GERARD LEHMANN**  
**241 HAWKEN DRIVE**  
**ST. LUCIA VILLAGE**

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## FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT

### I

The world is like a big mirror: what you "perceive" depends on what you "are". There is a well-known parable in Chinese Mahayana Buddhism which says that a person who always "sees" others through the "eyes" of a sheep eventually finds that all human beings look like sheep.

### II

Western ways of thinking normally assume a "conceptual approach". The activity of philosophizing is a process that is founded on concepts, constructed on the basis of limited experiences and interpreted by inductive reasoning. The questions that Western philosophers largely address themselves to are analytical in nature based as it were on an attempt to comprehend and explain so called "objective reality".

Oriental ways of thinking are different in that they assume a holistic, organic approach to understanding reality in which the act of philosophizing is part of a total reflective attitude to society and nature. The "moral" dimension is ever present in all modes of cognition as thought has to be translated into "right action".

In the west, the great philosophers are those who display great intellectual prowess in developing sophisticated and incisive systems of thought. The way they live their lives is irrelevant. In the east there is no such dichotomy. The great philosophers are those who are able to live out what they believe. Ideas and words without personal example are superfluous and empty.

LEE YUNG  
Taiwan



## DEBATING REPORT

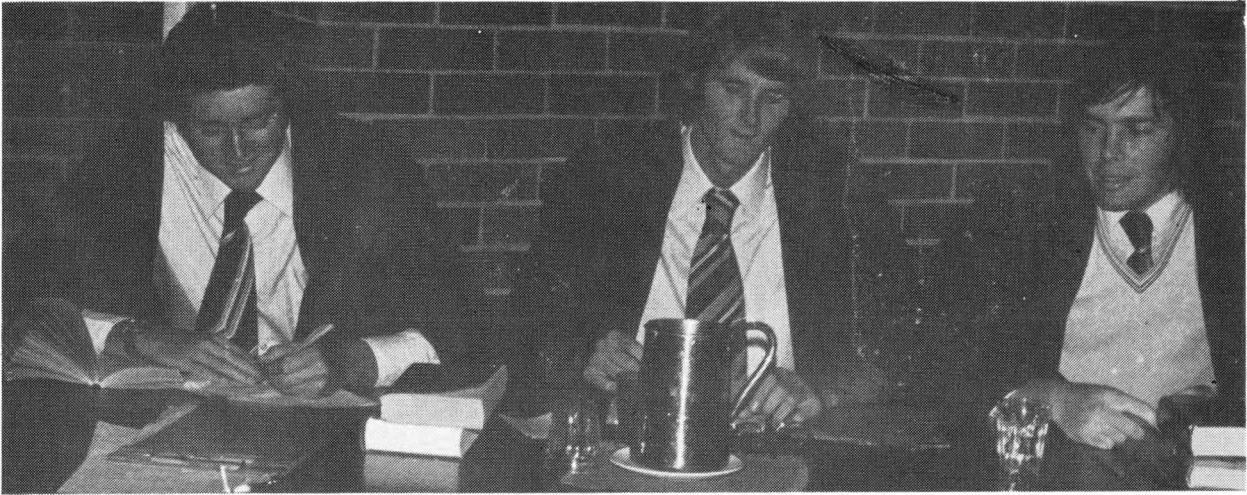
It would be a fair comment to say that this year's debating competition was nothing short of sensational. The I.H. team, Russell Murray, Ian Briggs, and Andrew Metcalfe, went on from triumph to triumph, leaving opposition teams distressed and demoralised. In the round of nine debates we managed to win eight (of which a couple were by default), losing only to last year's winners, Johns.

Perhaps the most inspiring debate of the season was that against Grace. Despite an incident marred attempt to arrange the debate, we eventually met Grace on their home ground. to take part in an evening of top class entertainment.

Thanks must go to our various chairmen, particularly Dave Snow and Jeff Wilks; and our audience, without whom it still would have been possible, but not half as enjoyable.

All in all, a very good year, as we finally emerged as outright winners of the competition, while on the individual level Mallet, for the third time, gained I.C.C. selection.

ANDREW METCALFE  
Convenor



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# A Country Holiday



Well, there it goes — my last generalization. I have always been wary of generalizations and I guess this year has heightened this wariness.

I like what Harry Truman said about them: “No generalization is worth a damn, including this one.” I automatically turned off when any conversation here began, “All you Yanks are alike . . .” And I resisted very hard the temptation to generalize about Australia, to put Australians in neat, little categories and boxes so that I could take them home, show them to the Rotarians and give the impression that I “understand” Australia.

I don’t, and in general I’ve been unable to make sweeping generalizations about this country, despite suggestions from some of my fellow students that Australians are lazy, beer swilling, pot-bellied, strike-happy myopic hedonists.

I did try at the beginning of the year to make some generalizations; take Australian women for instance.

At first I thought they were all trim fit and athletic.

And then I met Neva. Then I thought they were all blonde, like Jenny Callagan and Neva.

Then I found out that one of them was a fake.

Then I found out that Neva was really a Yugoslav or something like that in the first place, but by that time I got tired of trying to generalize about girls here and decided to forget about the whole matter. Even so, I thought I’d been able to pin down one true fact, one generalization: that time in Australia moves more slowly than in America.

Even in Sydney the pace seemed subdued and relaxed. I’m from New Orleans which is not exactly the most bustling city in the world. Brisbane seemed lethargic by comparison, but now I realize I’m dead wrong.

Two weeks ago, after I returned from mid-semester break, I put things into high gear to finish my last history assignment — a paper on the history of sport in Australia. My generalization about time was reinforced. Things in Australia *must* be slow if Australians love cricket (the world’s most boring sport) the way they did in the 1870’s and the way they seem to in the 1970’s (Packer notwithstanding).

After two sleepless nights and a marathon typing session, I finished the paper. Boy, did I need a holiday. A couple of days on the beach at Noosa would have been fine by me, but Rotary, in its infinite wisdom, had other plans. The Rotary Club of Theodore, up here in the Dawson Valley of Central Queensland, invited me up



for a visit, and I thought, why not? I'd get a good tan at Noosa, but I should get a pretty good rest at Theodore.

I mean, what would I do in Theodore for a week? Things move slowly in these little towns, if at all. And besides the Rotary guys asked me — and if someone gives you a \$3500 scholarship and a plane ticket to Australia, 10,000 miles from home, you feel obliged to give them some return on their investment.

After a late Tuesday night washing and packing, I got up at six o'clock in the morning (quite a feat for anyone at International House) and caught a taxi to the bus station for the bus to Theodore. After a few hours on Queensland's antediluvian road system, my time generalization was reinforced. I caught some sleep on the bus which was lucky, since I haven't stopped since I got here.

My generalization has been blown sky high.

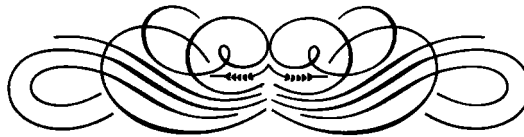
If you're wondering why Brisbane is so dead on a Friday night, it's because all the action is up here in Theodore.

Since I've been here I have learned to ride a motorcycle, driven to Rockhampton to pick up a speed boat, been to three barbecues, gone to a basketball game (the first one I've seen in my life that ended in a draw), played attack with a German Shepherd twice my size, seen a bottle tree that Aborigines cut a canoe out of once, visited the Hotel Theodore and gone to a country race meeting (where I picked two winners), been to a dance and drank more Fourex in the last four days than I have in the last four months.

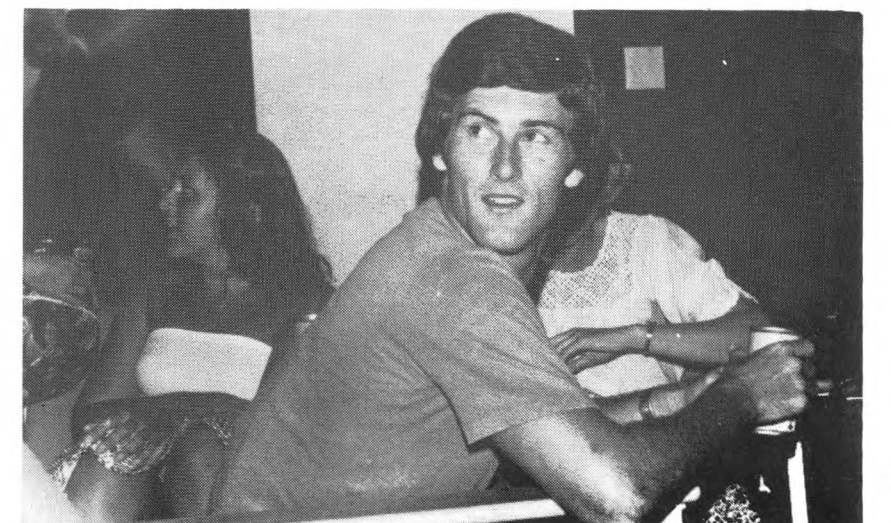
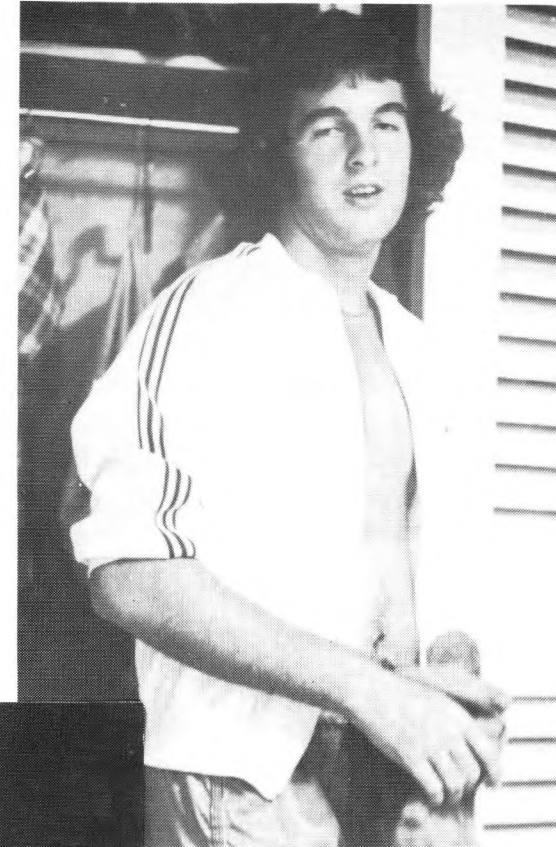
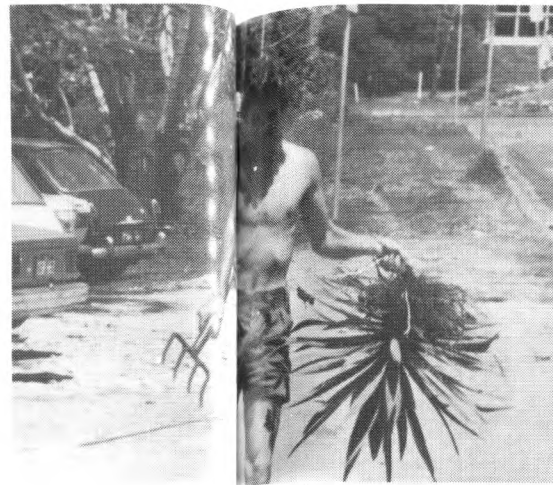
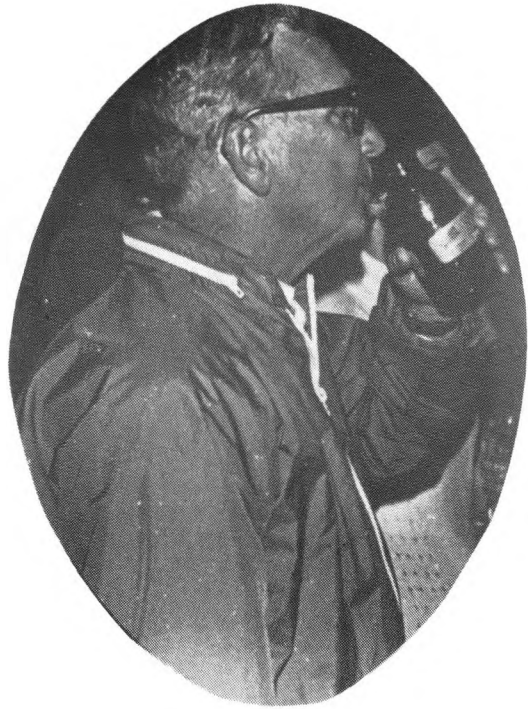
And I am probably forgetting a few things — but forgive me, I'm running on about six hours sleep a night.

When my week ends in Theodore, I'm going back to Brisbane to pack for the long trip home. After the long week in Theodore and the job of packing, I think I will take a vacation. But I'll have to go somewhere restful, somewhere with a nice, slow, easy pace. I think I'll go to Sydney.

PAUL WILLIAMSON  
U. S. A.









# **the dialogue continues. . .**





*Australians have often told me that overseas students are shy, particularly the Asians. To a certain extent I agree, especially those who came directly to the University from their native countries. I am convinced that those who did their matriculation in Australia are not absolutely 'shy'. Given the opportunity and the blanket of security (being offered genuine friendship), these people will, in no time, become wholehearted interactors.*

*While those students who came directly from their native countries will need a longer time to dispose of their shyness and inhibitions, they are initially more wary as it is their first exposure in a vast country which is particularly isolated from the rest of the world.*

*I am adamant that the presence of an initiator is the most significant factor. Two groups with diversified backgrounds would like to know more about each other. If none is willing to be the initiator, they remain foreign to each other.*

*So far, I have not brought in such factors as personal idiosyncracies which exist in every situation. I would only say that they could pose further obstacles in achieving a desired level of interaction.*

*I have assumed that overseas and Australian students are keen to know each other. This assumption would be very difficult to refute. Each side expects the other to initiate the friendship. In this area I find that Australians who have been overseas are more prone to unreluctantly approach overseas students and offer their friendship.*

*Others who have never travelled or those who have a more conservative outlook in life, tend to mingle more with their fellow Aussies.*

*Overseas students have been criticised for being complacent themselves. This statement can never be justified unless one has approached an overseas student and has received no response.*



Personally, I consider a big effort to mix and spend time with other people with whom I have little in common an exercise in futility. By this I do not mean that one should not persevere in attempts to establish common ground; it is often pleasantly surprising to establish how much one has. A few good friends, yes; many acquaintances, yes; but the locals' emphasis on mates and the distrust of individuality should not unduly worry us.

A good deal of talk goes, "The overseas students . . . The Australians . . .", but the implied nationalism on the one hand and xenophobia on the other, is frequently spurious; there are significant differences in age and experience amongst the two groups. I would strongly recommend an effort be made to attract a few more older Australian students to balance the greater proportion of older overseas students and counteract the division that stems from age differentials more than anything else.

CHARLES KESSLER  
England

*Having been in Australia for some time, it has always struck me that the interaction between overseas students and Australian students has seldom attained the desired level.*

*I sincerely believe that the Australian students should be the initiators.*

*After all they are the hosts. In order to understand this point, all I can say is that Australians should go abroad and witness the hospitality and friendship etc. that they will get from their host country without having to make the first move.*

*Expounding on the last point, I am not suggesting that overseas students should never be the initiators. If they do make such a move and it is not reciprocated above the level of superficiality, they are then drawn back into a corner with people from their own country or other overseas people.*

*When this happens it will be incredibly hard to revive their interest, either in College activities or to know other Australian students. This is why it is imperative that Australian students be the initiators.*

*The vulnerability of overseas students to loneliness and their uncertainty of Australians will drive them to the seclusion of their own group. Usually the longer they have been in Australia, the more easily they will cope with this problem, provided that they had fairly good experiences.*

*We can allow the status quo to continue and hope that the desired level of interaction will eventually be achieved, or, make the changes where Australian students will make the first move. Frankly, I think the latter would be very effective.*

SOLOMON CUA  
Philippines



I would like to suggest one reason underlying the Australian students' apparent reluctance to approach overseas students. I do not present this as a justification for this unfortunate phenomena which exists at International House, but rather only propose it as an explanation.

The absence of familiarity between any groups breeds suspicion of the which is unknown. Both Australian and overseas students share this attitude. This mutual suspicion is manifested in what seemingly appears to be a superiority complex on the part of the Australians and what is interpreted as shyness, especially among the Asians. Both groups, reacting in their characteristic manner, find refuge by incarcerating themselves in the security of their individual cliques. The gap is self-perpetuating and results in the polarization that is evidenced in the seating arrangement in the dining room.

Such a reaction is not peculiar to a multinational community. It exists in any situation where people with diverse backgrounds, experiences, aspirations and attitudes come together. Unfortunately at International House, these groups tend to be identified with racial and national groups. This identification exacerbates the subtle racial tensions existing, and creates — perhaps justifiably — a certain amount of paranoia. The situation then reinforces itself.

I would not attempt to offer a solution other than suggesting that perhaps an understanding of the other groups motives and reactions could in some way facilitate the breaking down of the unfortunate insularity which exists.

NEVA MAXIM



Many overseas students, coming from a strongly entrenched cultural background, are not prepared to accept new ideas, because of the fear that their own lifestyles might be threatened or affected. Along with this sentiment is the fear that too much social life may interfere with their studies.

Going home without a degree is a disgrace to their parents. So they tend to devote most of their time to their studies and less in social contact. Consequently, mingling between Australian and overseas students becomes remote.

Another factor often overlooked is the fact that many of the overseas students are of different religions. Some of these dietary laws preclude them from drinking alcohol and eating various foods.

These religious laws make it even more difficult for the overseas student to adapt to social life in Australia.

Australians should make the first move to accept overseas students – to make things easier for them. However this would make absolutely no difference if the overseas students remain aloof. Both should make the effort to get to know each other.

“Clapping” is only possible with two hands – not with one hand.

RAPHAEL GONDIPON  
Sabah

That “Brotherhood May Prevail” is an elusive goal, and one which I think I.H. has largely achieved. It must be realized that there are two huge barriers to be overcome in the formation of close friendships with overseas students.

Firstly there is the cultural background – most Australian students at I.H. are Queenslanders, many of whom grew up together, and it is only natural that the closest friendships are formed between people who have shared the same basic upbringing.

Secondly, a great number of the overseas students are pursuing studies largely removed from those of the average Australian teenage undergraduate, and this tends to put them into a separate class. Perhaps it would be in our best interests to break down these barriers that definitely do exist.

I.H. has its problems, and this is perhaps because of a lack of formalised, social means of interaction. It is quite easy to spend a number of years here without meeting people who have also been here during that time. This may be due to the fact that there are very few activities organized by college and the Students' Club which actually enable all students to mix on a social or sporting level.

I.C.C. sports are dominated by Australians – because they are Australian sports. This causes Australians to see overseas students as lazy, unfriendly or shy. If we could introduce activities that would involve all college members, our problems would be reduced.

There are many things we can do, but also we must realize that if the argument over “brotherhood” becomes too heated, we will all suffer – both as individuals and as a whole. If each person has a simple regard for the rights, aspirations and feelings of others, he is perhaps doing as much as he can to promote brotherhood among our college members.

ANDREW METCALFE  
Australia

*I wonder how many residents of International House are taking advantage of the diverse cultural environment in which they live? The central objective of brotherhood can only be attained if people genuinely make a concerted effort to intermingle.*

GREG JONES  
Australia

*International House is far from perfect. When I first ate in the dining hall it reminded me of the cafeteria at my high school in Louisiana, where the blacks ate on one side of the room and the whites on the other.*

*There are many good things about I.H., but in general, neither the Australian nor the overseas students seem concerned with the ideal of International House, even in the passive manner.*

*You get the impression that people live here either because it is the cheapest college or because their mates from T.S.S. live here.*

*Both Australian and Overseas students can do much to make I.H. a better place but I feel that Australians should carry the weight since this is their home and they are secure in the culture here.*

PAUL WILLIAMSON  
U.S.A.



Until recently I assumed that the residents of International House would all share the common sentiment and attitude of wanting to share with, speak to, interact with people from all the various countries of the world which are presented in this microcosm at I.H.

The observations over the last 18 months has raised great doubts about my assumption.

How readily most of us tend to rationalize and even apologize for the cruel, soul-destroying non-community spirit that is displayed in I.H.

There are some who will attempt to deny this problem out of existence and others find ‘some comfort’ by simply not mentioning it. Do these reactions bring us any closer to a solution? No way!

The remedy lies within each of us i.e. if you genuinely want to be part of the solution. Certainly no-one can force it upon you.

WINTHROP HAREWOOD  
Trinidad, West Indies

On either side of a barrier which has its foundation in a lack of understanding, stand two opinions.

1. Overseas students are guests in this country and should be made to feel at home.
2. Overseas students are guests in this country and should adapt to the environment in which they are now placed.

Yet adaptation is slow due to various reasons. One of these is the language problem: one becomes shy and nervous if not understood fully and consequently the student tends to give up trying. For many overseas students, there is only one chance for success. This coupled with a pre-University environment of study and competition results in the compulsion to work hard, thus precluding many overseas students in partaking in social activities.

What are the solutions for overcoming the barrier? Possibly the essence lies in the word, “try”. For instance to greet every student, overseas or Australian, with a simple “Hello”. This is worth more than a thousand essays in integration.

WAYNE FORDAY  
Australia



*I believe there is no one way we can improve relationships between Australian and overseas students. I don't mean that our ideal of "Brotherhood May Prevail" is an impossible goal. We can push and prod people to mix but we can't say you must be friends.*

*Tolerance and friendship are traits of the individual. If we can get people from different countries together in a situation where two individuals can meet and talk, we must be doing some good. I hope that next year, there will be plenty of such situations.*

*I'm luckier than most Australian Presidents of this College, next year to have an overseas student as social convenor (Joe Therkelson). Every year the executive gets complaints about not enough functions for overseas students or the social events are oriented towards the Australians.*

*Hopefully next year, we won't be getting these complaints. As next year's President, all I can do is create the opportunities for people to mix. For these opportunities to be successful, we must all make an effort and try to overcome any prejudices we may have.*

ROSS HETHERINGTON  
Australia

*All I can see at the moment is the rather sad attitude that both Australian and overseas students are adopting towards the question of "interaction". There is only a handful making the effort to know one another. Most just couldn't be bothered.*

*I believe that very few Australians enter College with the idea of wanting to know more about other nationalities. It is more likely that they choose I.H. for more practical reasons.*

*In my opinion, Australians come adopting the attitude of having to "put up" with the overseas students rather than really wanting to have anything to do with them.*

*It is no wonder that many of the overseas students lock themselves up after the first initial disappointment of being rejected.*

JENNY CHENG  
Singapore

### JIGSAW

*College is likened to a large jigsaw consisting of one hundred and fifty distinct and different pieces. The task of assembling and fitting the pieces is very much a haphazard and evolutionary one, with tendencies to form an incomplete cluster of pieces or groups, the norm.*

*Unfortunately, the resulting feature of the latter is a tension in allegiances for the group and for the "whole" (as idealistically and subjectively conceived). Ultimately, the jigsaw can't be completed unless the majority of pieces want to create it. It is irrelevant that each "piece" have different conceptions as to how the final picture should be.*

*What is crucial is whether they are willing to be flexible enough to combine into a whole: "May the jigsaw prevail".*

ANDREW CROWE  
Australia

*What we should do here is to come together with an open heart and be friends not despite, but with our cultural differences.*

*By getting out of our own self-centredness we will be able to see the wonder and the beauty of other cultures.*

*It only takes a few minutes each day to stop and talk to other I.H. dwellers, whoever they may be and wherever they may come from.*

ROSE PATHRACHAI  
Thailand

### COMMENT

*Although much of what is said above is seemingly repetitious and even redundant, what is important is the fact that they express important sentiments on a common concern. Indeed the gamut of attitudes inherent in the above, ranging as it were, from idealistic indignation to cool detached cynicism reflects the fundamental ambivalence of College members. Most of us who come to College for reasons other than purely economic or convenience-based, waver between earnest idealism and the need for security.*

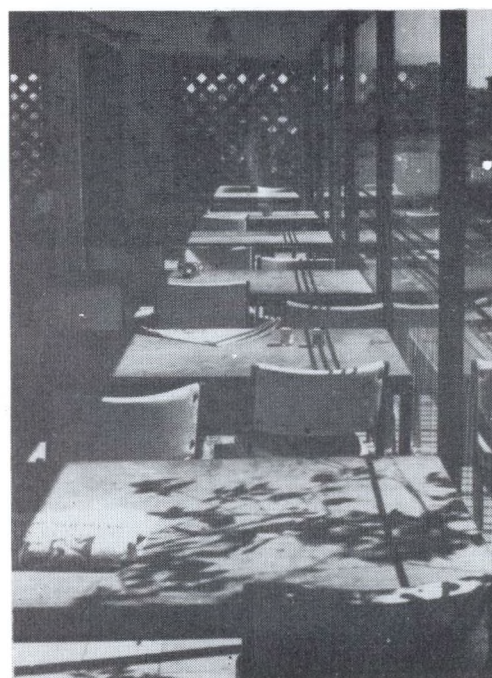
*There is no apology for the bluntness of some of the comments of the above contributors. At least it is hoped that through reckless honesty, this may preempt the easy slip back into cynicism and therefore apathy.*

*Personally I am wary of those essentially "don't rock the boat" policies tempered by inadventurous cautiousness that is conveniently couched under the terribly vague term denoted as "propitiousness".*

*As if College interaction would work itself out to some optimal level with time guided by some "invisible hand" without anybody really trying. It removes the issue of personal responsibility from the concrete sphere of interpersonal relationships especially pertinent for a College such as I.H., with its avowed aims and ideals.*

*Indeed the "interaction problem" requires deliberate initiative and efforts by individuals from all sections of the community that is I.H., not least from the incoming General Committee who are in a vital position to create the right conditions conducive to freer intermingling of persons.*

EDITOR





# Women's Sports...

Credit is due to great number of girls this year for their involvement and particularly for their enthusiasm and their participation in the various sports played this year. We saw a marked improvement in our standard and bettered our placings in almost every sport in the I.C.C. competitions. International House has earned its place on the records this year and hopefully will prove even stronger next year with our swelling potential.

Our victory at the I.C.C. athletics is a very memorable event as we have not won a premiership for many years although we have been very close in several sports. This shows our potential to be a force to be contended with. So please show your support on the sidelines at least. If you are unable to play a certain sport, encourage I.H. to develop its potential on the sporting field.

## I.C.C. Placings:

Swimming	...	...	8th
Rowing	...	...	4th
Basketball	...	...	3rd
Squash	...	...	3rd
Hockey	...	...	6th
Netball	...	...	3rd
Volleyball	...	...	7th
Tennis	...	...	3rd
Golf	...	...	2nd (unofficial)
Athletic	...	...	1st **

My special thanks to our college convenors for each sport, for their untold efforts in arranging games and teams throughout each season of games.

Here are the individual reports.

JILL McBRYDE  
Female Sports Convenor



*We congratulate JILL McBRYDE for winning an ICC Blue and being the first person in College to do so.*

## WOMEN'S GOLF

The strong winds, lack of practice and lack of opposition did not deter the intrepid pair of International House women golfers from their round of golf in the I.C.C. competition. Our lone supporter-cum-caddy-cum-ball-boy (Peter Gibson) did a great job chasing Bev's and my balls which were all too often out of bounds – blown by the wind.

We both managed a par three on the final hole and retired to the 19th hole with Bev scoring 62, and Karen a 67 round. Nine holes golf course, that is . . . Bev's score was the third top for the day.

KAREN GILMORE

## WOMEN'S SQUASH REPORT

After an unfortunate start to the women's squash season, when we were defeated by Emmanuel, our team went on to bigger and better things gaining a 3rd place in the competition. Admittedly we had the element of surprise on our side because I.H. was not previously renowned for the prowess of its women squash players. The only other team which managed to overcome our staunch resistance was the team from Women's College, the eventual premiers.

The team, consisting of Lois Basham, Patti Thomson, Karen Gilmore and Vicki Cossins, showed enthusiasm and determination throughout the season. It was tremendous never having to search for a substitute, as every member played in each match. Our training sessions certainly raised the standard of play. Patti is to be congratulated for her tremendous effort in winning all but one of her games, although we did have a few tense moments with 8-all scores in a few of the final matches. We'll be losing three of our female squash stars next year, so I hope all the budding enthusiasts will be practising to win the 1979 season.

KAREN GILMORE

## WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

This year's Volleyball team was not as successful as many other of the I.H. teams. Considering the difficulty in organizing a team for Thursday night, we did well. Thanks must be given to all those people who played regularly and to those who filled in with very little notice.

Overall we won only one game and were placed 6th. Some of the other colleges were rather unnerved on occasions but then we seemed to be hit with a tidal wave of bad luck and bad play.

Anyway good luck to next year's team and maybe with purchase of a college volleyball and some form of net, practice will be possible.

TRACEY WINNING





## WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Everyone is well aware of our great victory in the athletics this year, being well ahead of Grace by 15½ points. Terrific congratulations to our star, Leanne, who placed 1st in 5 events (including 4 records), 2nd in one and the javelin, well ask her about that. Thanks Leanne for a very devoted effort for College.

Our other slightly lesser 'stars' included Sue Greenhill, 4th in shotput, Patti Thomson, 5th in discus, Jenny Callagan, Marrianne and Jill who helped to win 1st place in the relay and Jill, 2nd in the 800m and 4th in the high jump.

The spectator support from College was very encouraging (considering the bleak day) and I am sure it contributed to the great spirit and enthusiasm shown by both our men's and women's teams. Thanks to everyone involved, especially to Patti who arranged streamers and encouraged the team's supporters.

JILL McBRYDE

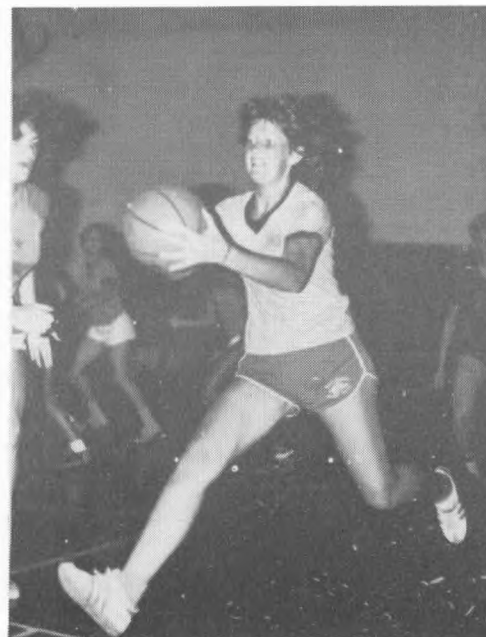


## NETBALL REPORT

This year saw a very strong I.C.C. competition with the I.H. team having a great possibility of improving on last year's position. The season started well with three easy wins over Emmanuel, Milton House and Union. Our first defeat, 9-7, to Womens was a great disappointment after leading ¾ of the match. However we still had the chance of making it a 3 way draw for first if we could defeat Grace. After narrowly defeating Cromwell and winning on a forfeit to Duchesne, we faced the final big game - all thinking discretely of how we could disable our opposition player in the first 5 minutes. However fate was against us and we were beaten 25-8. A tragic loss. We were positioned 3rd in the competition and Patti Thomson and Holly Frail were picked for the I.C.C. team.

The I.H. all star team ran as follows: Janelle Knowles, Jill McBryde, Holly Frail, 'Contract Cossins', Patti Thomson, and Leanne Evans. Thank you also to our 'ring-ins', Jenny Callagan and Vicki Beldan, who filled in for absent players and also to Tracey Winning who came down each Sunday to score and everyone else who supported us during the competition.

HOLLY FRAIL



## WOMEN'S TENNIS REPORT

We can say without doubt that this year has been the most successful women's tennis team in the history of the College. The team had very good wins against Women's College and Grace but had some tough competition with Emmanuel and Duchesne. We were then narrowly defeated by our friends up the road, Cromwell, and finished the season with spectacular wins against Milton House and Union College. (They both forfeited.) This left us in approximately third position in the I.C.C.

My thanks go to Leanne Evans (number 1 player), Sue Greenhill (2), and Jenny Callagan (4) for their willingness to get up at the ungodly hour of 8 a.m. on Saturday mornings and last but not least, our one lonely spectator who not only cheered, but scored and umpired.

PATTI THOMSON  
Tennis Convenor



## WOMEN'S ROWING

The season began enthusiastically with three women's crews and plenty of 5 a.m. starts. As it progressed, however, the numbers fell in the latter part of the season.

The 4th women's four, our fresher crew (Debbie McEwan, Fiona Mack, Sue Greenhill, Jenny Callagan, and Lois Basham) were the strong hand of cox, Justin D'Arcy, were unable to obtain a place in any of the Regattas. They must still be commended for their effort.

The third women's four, crewed by Patti Thomson, Jenny Yarker, Liz Ardell and Elizabeth Gibson must receive praise for their effort in rowing in every Regatta.

The first women's four however managed to procure a place in both the Regattas in which they rowed. They were placed 2nd in the John's Regatta and despite the unfavourable conditions during the I.C.C. Regatta the Crew: Jenny Graff, Anne D'Arcy, Holly Frail and Jill McBryde, came a close 2nd to Union.

Well Leighton, it was an exciting year and enjoyable but above all well organized. Much appreciation for your time and effort.

THE GIRLS

**THANKS  
FOR  
DEALING WITH US THIS  
YEAR  
MERRY XMAS  
AND  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.  
THE CELLAR**

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Thanks to all those girls who joined our team: Hafeeza Ahamad, Margie Nolan, Jill McBryde, Karen Gilmore, Sharifah Ahmad, Jenny Cheng, Jenny Callagan, Leanne Evans, Miranda Ng, Catherine Dallemagne and the girls who helped when needed: Frances Donnelly, Elizabeth Ardill and Leonnine Biddel. Special thanks to our coach, Win Harewood, for all the time he spared for us. Please believe me, your instruction DID do us some good. Remember how many goals we almost scored?

The individual game scores were not very encouraging, but we all made up for it in enthusiasm. The game scores were:

I.H.	vs	Cromwell	1 : 1
		Emmanuel	0 : 1
		Milton House	1 : 1
		Duchesne	1 : 2
		Women's	0 : 7
		Grace	0 : 4
		Union	1 : 1

Our proudest achievement was the selection of Jill McBryde for the I.C.C. Hockey Team. Even though we only came 6th in the I.C.C. Meet, we sure had a lot of fun doing it.

MARGIE GEVERS  
Hockey Convenor

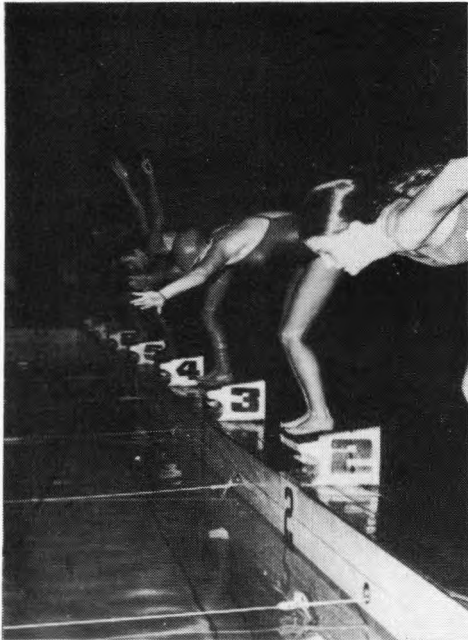


## WOMEN'S SWIMMING

There is not much to report about the swimming this year unfortunately. However a gallant performance was contributed by Holly Frail in the main freestyle and breaststroke events, with help from Lois Basham, Debbie McEwan and Jill McBryde in the relays. Many thanks to Holly for a great effort.

The spirit and enthusiasm shown by spectators (apart from egg-throwing) at the carnival was very encouraging, although not so much on the scoreboard. Thanks to all persons in College who contributed to the enjoyable night.

JILL McBRYDE



## WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Once again, the I.H. Women lashed themselves wholeheartedly (?) into the I.C.C. Basketball competition with high hopes for the season. With all the new talent we were sure that there had to be an improvement somewhere — even if it was in only the number of spectators.

Jill McBryde led the ball handling side of things and specialized in fast breaking and making the rest of the team look as if their feet were glued to the floor. Jill was ably assisted at the top of the Keyway by our hidden talent, Vicki Cossins. Holly Frail could usually be found playing forward/centre/guard, wherever she could get in the way best. Patti Thomson effectively filled in the gaps in the centre, with another unknown quantity, Heather Jamieson, backing up well.

After our promising start, our hopes were dashed when beaten very narrowly (1 point) by Duchesne in a close and well played game. Then the Grace Heavies once again proceeded to give us a sound thrashing. So after a forfeit from Union, we finished a good third in the overall competition. To our credit both Jill McBryde and Holly were both selected for the I.C.C. Team.

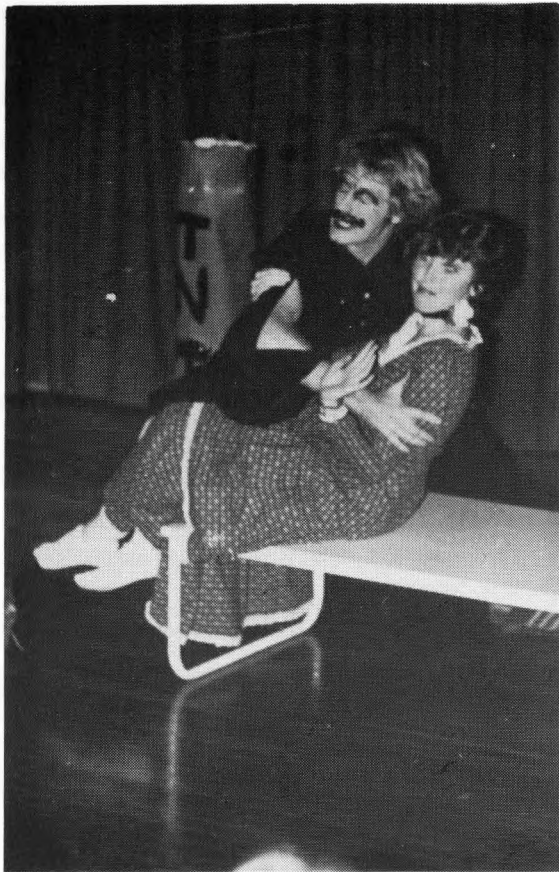
Other players were Sharifah, Debbie McEwan and Lois Basham.

Finally I would like to thank all those who contributed and most of all to our faithful spectators whose loud (and helpful?) support was appreciated by the whole team.

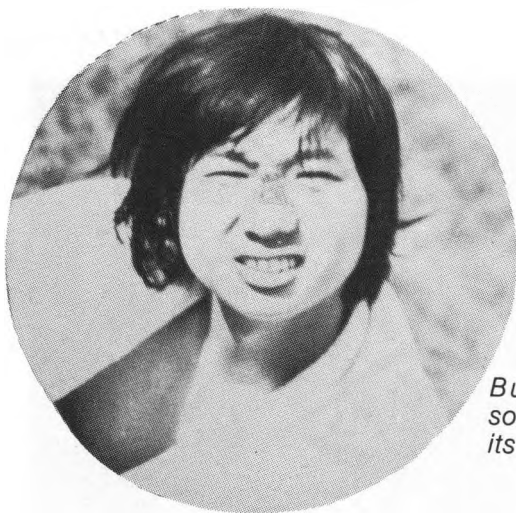
HOLLY FRAIL



**When you're hot, you're hot  
When you're not, you're not.**



*My one and only .....  
love and XXXXXX.*



*But why doesn't  
someone tell me what  
its all about.*



*You should have seen the one  
that got away.*





*A Modest Proposal.*



*Before*



*My God,  
but you're beautiful.*



*During*

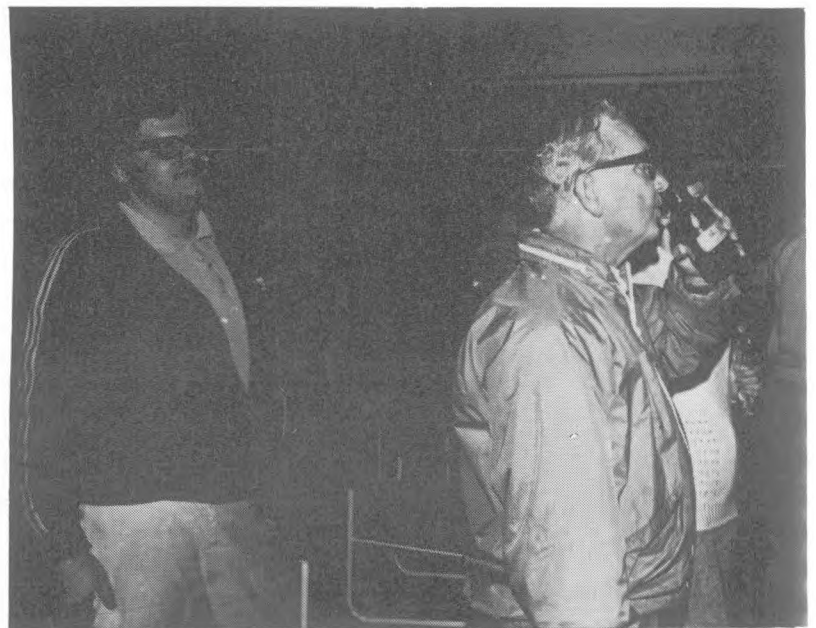
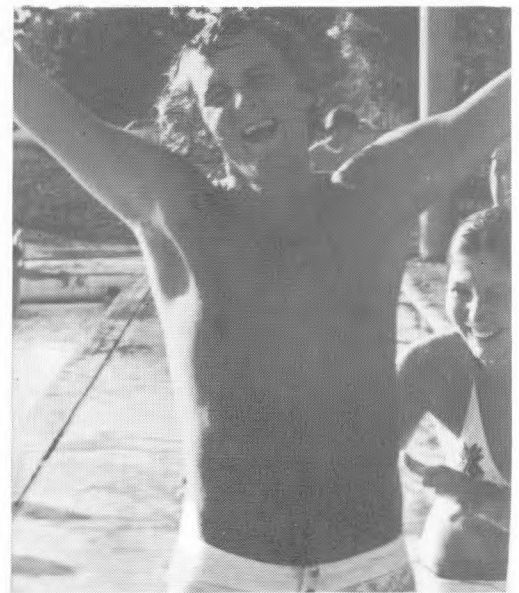


*With the tweaking of  
my thumbs,  
something crooked  
This way comes.*



*After*

# Every Picture Tells A Story





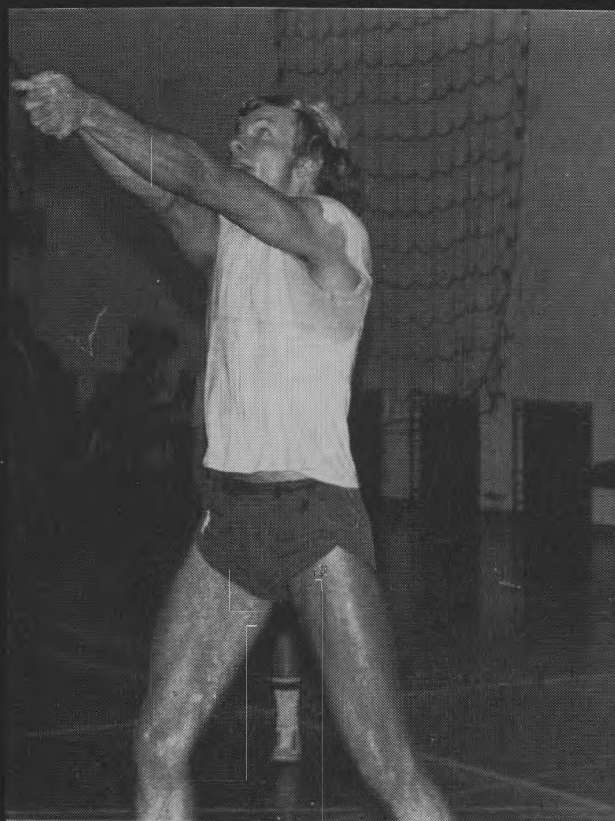
## THE BEST OF SPY REPORT '78

- Roscoe and Briggsie going hunting at the Computer Ball. What do their wives think?
- Margie: "Greg Jones, you'd be no good taking off a woman's clothes".
- Does your juice have a market? Our president appears to have no difficulty pulling his way through law school.
- It is not that ladies object to opera, however they do draw the line at the pitiful imitation of Caruso wailing like a bull elephant in heat somewhere from a tower.
- A certain A.B.C. feels that a change in wardrobe may result in his metamorphosis into a *homme fatale*, especially since he discovered that women have orgasms too.
- Tell tale stains on your underwear? Try the Harvard Developed patent, Williamson's 'Wash your dreams away'
- Has Lisa found contentment in her American dream?
- The college butcher, in a desperate attempt to attract consumers, has taken to exposing his meats
- Amos' bio-rhythm has been disturbed since he acquired his 8th girlfriend.
- From the looks of partnerships at the formal the bachelor clubs counterparts - the bachelor girls might just be losing a member..it seems things look greener on the other side of the hill.
- Our Amigo has been having a few too many tequila sunrises at Indooroopilly lately
- Will Neva's real hair stand up
- It has been observed that the crier of the unforgettable cocophany, 'BR ..... D', has finally found happiness in B6.
- When asked about his private life, Solomon said, 'It is very boring'.

... the good times and the bad and all the others in between

... athletes face each game with determination and valour,  
experiencing victory as well as defeat

... Roscoe going onto the field when he shouldn't and  
breaking his other arm, the I.H. Golf team modestly driving  
their way to outright victory ...



# men's sports...



## MALE SPORTS REPORT

1978 was a very successful year for all those who participated in I.H. sport. Without pondering on the results of all the individual sports, our best performances were seen in Golf (I.C.C. premiers), Debating (I.C.C. premiers), Soccer (2nd place), Tennis (3rd place), Billiards and Snooker (4th), Basketball (3rd), and Athletics (5th). Along similar lines, our top sportsmen for the year were:

Russell Murray	...	...	...	...	Billiards & Snooker
					Debating
Peter Gibson	...	...	...	...	Basketball
Nor Hashim	...	...	...	...	Hockey
Robert Blank	...	...	...	...	Soccer
Winthrop Harewood	...	...	...	...	Soccer
Peter Landsberg	...	...	...	...	Football
Mark Mortimore	...	...	...	...	Tennis
Rick Harbolivic	...	...	...	...	Golf
David Maunsell	...	...	...	...	Golf
Ian Briggs	...	...	...	...	Athletics

all of whom won selection in the relevant I.C.C. teams. However, as always, special thanks must go to all the other participants, the old hand and the novice alike.

To place our efforts in perspective, we should remember that I.H. is the smallest college on campus, and only have an absolute maximum of 100 men and 50 women to draw upon for representative sports. A few calculations made at the end of the year showed that exactly  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the college took part in I.C.C. sports during the year. To the other half I'd like to suggest that you participate, to "give it a try" — it's your college, "be in it".

Apart from inter-college sports I.H. also has participated in intra-mural competition for the first time this year. We fielded teams in both basketball and touch football (with mixed results) but next year there is scope for those people interested in softball, table tennis and volleyball, to compete as well.

I.H. was also the host for Corroboree this year and over the week of festivities we competed against Sydney and Melbourne (and Wollongong) I.H.'s in a number of sports, all basically of a social nature. At the end of this week we emerged as joint winners of the perpetual trophy, tying with I.H. Melbourne.

To conclude, I'd like to say once more thank you to all those who joined in, and I sincerely hope you enjoyed your sporting activities.

ROB GREENHILL  
Mens Sports Convenor



## MEN'S BASKETBALL REPORT

The one consistent trend in the play of this year's team was its inconsistency. We started the season off with a 35-32 loss against lowly Union which should have been an easy victory for a team with I.H.'s potential. The highlight for the team was Stan Saw being sent off — the first I.H. player to suffer this fate in several years. Needless to say it was undeserved.

We established an inconsistency in the second match against Kings. Following a tight tussle throughout, a one point lead by I.H. looked like being whittled away. However three well timed fouls by Andrew Crowe in 15 seconds held the King's attack out long enough for a great 39-37 victory. This match, probably the upset of the season, was all that denied the eventual premiership to Kings. Brett Schmidt showed fine form particularly with two great long shots in the dying moments of the game, adding to his overall total of 16 points.

The third match saw I.H. coast to an easy victory 52-22 over Cromwell. But alas the trend returned with vengeance in the next match against St. Leo's in which I.H. threw away what should have been an easy victory and hence a 35-35 draw resulted.

Perhaps spurred on by the above disappointing performance the team probably played their best game for the season against competition-winners Emmanuel. The highlight of this match was the tremendous team effort by every player and at half time the score was 28-27. However the superior ability and greater depth of the Emmanuel side showed through in the second half and they ran away to win convincingly at 66-47. Peter top-scored for the game whilst Solomon probably played his best game for the season with some very decisive rebounding.

The final match was against the eventual joint competition winners, Johns. As this was the last match of the season the game was played in all urgency and desperation, but the final result showed an I.H. loss.

The erratic performance of the team throughout the season was a disappointment as were the limited number of college supporters that drifted along to each game. In addition to those players mentioned, thanks must go to the other players including Mahir, Russell, Steve Emms, Greg Seeley and Chris Hagen who all contributed well and to those regular few who supported us. I.H. ended up fifth on the ladder and Peter Gibson gained selection in the I.C.C. team.

PETER GIBSON  
Captain



## I.C.C. ATHLETICS

Athletics began for the men rather inconspicuously with a tie with Cromwell for last in the cross-country event. Simon Yelland was our first competitor home in 56th place, not forgetting that Rob Greenhill, Andrew Metcalfe, Ron Chang, Peter Durman and Ian Briggs also ran. Five thousand metres is one helluva long way, so thanks to those who gamely represented IH with little training. Many a lesser man excused himself conveniently producing a prior commitment or sudden injury.

The carnival itself was a comedy of errors of IH — somewhere between the official who mistakenly fouled Davo in the shotput, and Wakey's performance in the hurdles (at the fifth hurdle Wakey was clearly the leader, and as he couldn't hear anyone else running thus thinking it to be a false start, looked around only to forget to hurdle and crashed through three hurdles, fell everywhere but still managed third place). Emmanuel only just beat us in capturing fourth place.

David Maunsell showed just how far determination and courage can go, to power home in the 400 metres to come third. Peter Landsberg and Andrew Wakefield jumped well in the triple and long jumps, while Bob Greenhill split the middle of the field with his discus throwing efforts. Wakey kept in touch with Paul Narracot in the 100 metres (by telephone) to finish fifth, while Greenie repeated the performance in the 200 metres. Cam Stephenson ran well to finish fourth in the 800 metres, and Briggsie jumped well in the high jump.

Spare a thought for Justin D'arcy, who after a week of psychological warfare with Lynton Hudson (fellow potential doctor) ran a tremendous race to thrash both the Cromwell and Union runners.

Thanks must go to Andrew Metcalfe and Greg Seeley who had the thankless task of representing IH as officials, and to the great support college group gave us on the day.

### RESULTS

#### Women

100 m: Leanne Evans (1st) — 12.6 secs. (Record)  
 200 m: Leanne Evans (1st) — 15.4 secs. (Record)  
 400 m: Leanne Evans (1st) — 58.4 secs. (Record)  
 800 m: Jill McBryde (2nd) — 2 min. 40 secs.  
 High Jump: Jill McBryde (4th) — 4'8"  
 Long Jump: Leanne Evans (1st) — 4.81 m  
 Shotput: Sue Greenhill (4th) — 7.08 m  
 Javelin: Leanne Evans (7th) — 15.8 m  
 Discus: Patti Thomson (5th) — 17.45 m  
 4 x 100: Leanne Evans/Jill McBryde/  
 Jennie Callaghan/Maryanne Watson  
 (1st) — 53.2 secs. (Record)

#### Men

100 m: Andrew Wakefield (5th) — 11.5 secs.  
 200 m: Rob Greenhill (5th) — 23.5 secs.  
 400 m: David Maunsell (3rd) — 52.9 secs.  
 800 m: Cam Stephenson (4th) — 2 min. 17 secs.  
 1500 m: Justin D'arcy (5th) — 4 min. 40 secs.  
 High Jump: Ian Briggs (1st) — 6'3" (1.9 m)  
 Long Jump: Andrew Wakefield (3rd) — 6.15 m  
 Triple Jump: Peter Landsberg (4th) — 12.5 m  
 Shotput: Ian Davidson (5th) — 9.88 m  
 Javelin: Andrew Wakefield (4th) — 38 m  
 Discus: Rob Greenhill (4th) — 30 m  
 4 x 100: Andrew Wakefield/Andrew Hinsch/  
 Rob Greenhill/Rob Blank  
 (3rd) — 45.5 secs.

### OVERALL

#### Women

1st: IH — 68½ points  
 2nd: Womens — 53  
 3rd: Grace — 52

#### Men

1st: Kings — 104 points  
 2nd: Johns — 73  
 3rd: Leo's — 58  
 4th: Emmanuel — 45½  
 5th: IH — 44

IAN BRIGGS





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### SOCCKER REPORT

From disappointing results in 1977, the I.H. soccer team of 1978 improved out of sight to earn second place in the competition, behind Emmanuel College, the only team that defeated us. Whereas we cannot detract from the consistent Emmanuel side, the I.H. squad can feel a little unlucky about that loss. Another day could well have produced a different story, and the glory would now be ours.

As coach, I would like to congratulate the whole squad for sustained enthusiasm throughout the season, particularly in its attitude to training. Training is where a group of interested players are moulded into a team, and teamwork brings results in a game like soccer. Practice sessions were well attended and, by direct correlation, our performances didn't lag behind their potential as they did last year. The positive attitude of the squad helped us become more than worthy competition. More importantly, the team enjoyed playing soccer this year, enjoyed winning, and it was the effort put in that earned the satisfaction returned. Space does not permit an appraisal of individual talents, so suffice it to say that all the players made their mark and contributed to a fine team effort.

Finally, thank you to those collegians who supported us at our matches. The squad trained hard and we expended our best on the field in a strong competition. Maybe next year we'll do what we nearly accomplished this year!

BOB BLANK  
Soccer Convener





## BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER REPORT

After a successful 1977 season in which I.H. came second (-last) in the I.C.C. competition, the team looked forward to further successes in 1978.

'Twas on the final evening of the seventh month that the much vaunted International House team unleashed its fury on an unsuspecting Emmanuel. First the wily Allistar Twigg, conjuring up the deft skills gained over many years, mesmerized the opposition with a variety of tricks learnt from that great Russian exponent, Inoff-the-Red. David Farlow and Russell Murray finished the evening by cleaning up the colours to record a 3-0 victory for I.H.

Johns and Cromwell were fortunate to meet us below our best, and aided by a home table and a home crowd, were victorious on the evening. An interesting feature of the game against Johns was the return to the table of the Indian amateur, Shapoor Battiwalla, after a prolonged absence due to a dislocated finger.

Against Kings the story was somewhat changed as I.H. sought to establish its pre-eminence. Noted medic and lock forward, Peter Landsberg, softened up the opposition with some devil-may-care billiards before I.H. scored two wins in the snooker to secure a draw.

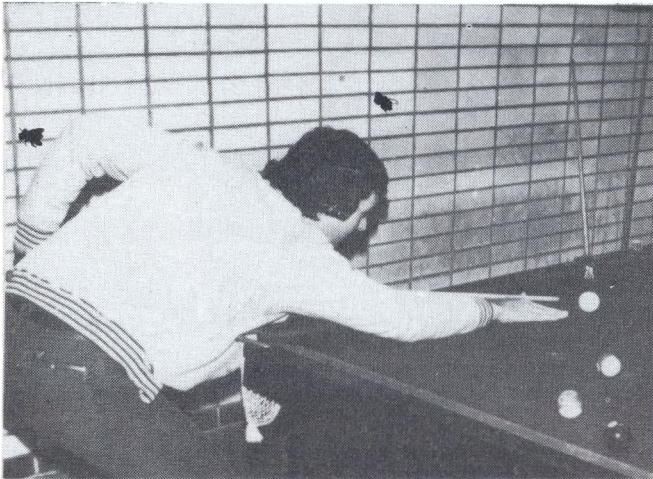
Cruel fate wielded its ugly head at Leo's as the underhand Leonians tricked our snooker players into playing so many in-offs it seemed like billiards. However Leo's were unable to pull the wool over the eyes of the National Bank's favourite son, Peter Gibson, who used all the acquired experience of a badly misspent youth to win his billiards game.

The final outing for the season was at Union where the team notched up its now traditional 4-0 victory. The procession of wins began with the indomitable David Farlow displaying his usual magnificent skill and finesse with the ivories to record his fourth victory for the season out of six games.

Next the irascible Allistar "Fossil" Twigg got up in a cliffhanger. It was then the turn of "new man" David Snow who showed admirable touch in his pocket billiards and recorded our third victory for the night; this was followed by a win in the final snooker.

In the final reckoning, the International House Team came a meritorious fourth in I.C.C. competition, and Russell Murray was selected in the I.C.C. snooker team.

RUSSELL MURRAY



## 1978 MEN'S HOCKEY

The early enthusiasm for men's hockey did not carry through the season. As usual we started from scratch with a number of new players — who showed good potential. Though we lost a veteran, Winthrop Harewood, halfway through the season, we still have the robust Swee Toh in the goal, former Qld Schoolboys Warren Wells in the centre, as well as a few of the 1977 winning team, Russell Murray, Mahir, Dave Mewing and Nor Hashim.

Over all we won 2 matches (St. Leos 2-1, St. Johns 2-1), drew one (Cromwell 1-1) and lost to Kings, Emmanuel and Union, to give us 3rd placing in ICC.

Throughout the team showed good spirit as a whole and our thanks to the coach, Mr. Jeff Clyde, and of course, our spectators.

Wishing the 1979 team better luck (?) and hoping they may regain the trophy!!

Thank you.

NOR HASHIM IDRIS





## MEN'S GOLF REPORT

With the rumours flying thick and fast that Johns, Cromwell and Emmanuel etc. were all 'hot' to take out the ICC Golf Trophy, the little vaunted (outside IH) IH team hoped simply for two things: a windless day and a modicum of luck.

The competition day dawned clear and a little cloudy. The team of Dave Maunsell, Rick 'Hot Dog' Harbolovic, Dave Farlow, Allistair Twigg, Ian Briggs and Rob Greenhill was hopeful. But by tee-off time, the wind was up to twenty-five knots and Dave Farlow had a bad case of 'flu, looking extremely like he might die before he completed the round.

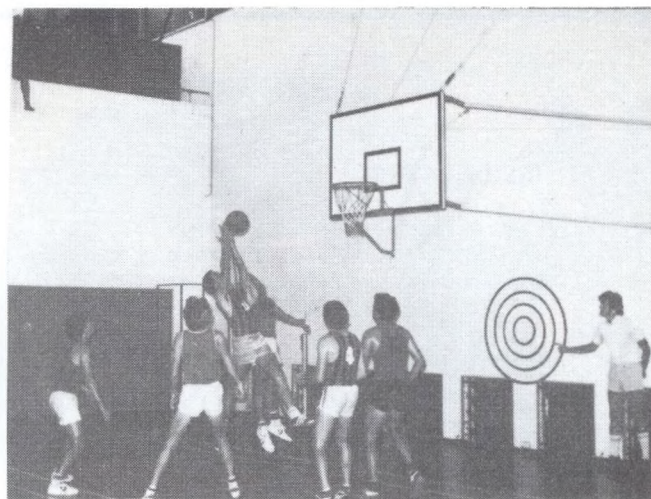
Things were looking rather shaky at the half-way mark: Dave Maunsell, dependable as ever, had a 39; Hot Dog, playing his second game of golf in as many months, had a reliable 41; Briggsie, looking promising, 46; Twigg had a 47; Dave Farlow, looking too ill to continue, a 48; and Bob a 49. Team strategy at this stage was to keep our heads down and just continue hitting as best we could.

All the way around the second time, Johns, Cromwell and Emmanuel kept a close eye on each other. It was only when IH's last two players stepped on to the last tee that the other teams bothered to add up the scores and discover that we were indeed right in the running. When the smoke cleared and the score totted up, IH 'streeted' the opposition by twelve strokes, thus becoming ICC premiers for the first time since 1975.

Special congratulations go to Dave Maunsell, whose 79 was the best score in the competition, and to Hot Dog whose 83 was the third best. Both these players were selected in the ICC Team (this is the fifth time in five years that Rick has made the ICC team). Congratulations must go to the rest of the team for they also played no small part: Dave Farlow courageously played on and ended with an extremely creditable 90; Allistair Twigg finished with 94; Ian Briggs with 103 and Bob Greenhill 107, all good scores given the windy conditions and the rock-hard course.

Special thanks to Holly Frail and Jackie Trueman (caddies) who pulled for Rob and Ian, which may explain why they had the team's high scores. Thanks also to all the people who came out and watched. Finally, thanks to non-playing (this time) captain, Mr. Ivor Cribb, for his encouragement, and for buying us drinks when we won.

**ALLISTAIR TWIGG**  
Golf Convenor



## ROWING REPORT

This year over thirty people nominated themselves as being prepared to miss a few hours of morning sleep, so we had a group of seven crew learning to row in a few weeks. The men's crews seemed to perform better with coxswains from G-tower, the most frequently commandeered being Margy Nolan and Jenny Graff (ex Queensland State rower). Similarly Andrew Wakefield delighted our lady rowers in the early hours of the morning.

A breakthrough in intercollege relations was achieved with the formation of the "flying circus" – a mixed eight consisting of four rowers from Cromwell and four from I.H. An intensive training program followed (including observation of the other eights) until the I.C.C. Regatta when the "flying circus" was swamped by a wave at the starting line, and limped back to the shed with eight inches of water in it. Look out I.C.C. in 1979!

The men's senior four came second in the first Regatta, but dropped back to fourth in the I.C.C. Regatta. The women's first four was a very strong crew, and were favourites for I.C.C., in which they came a very close second.

A couple of notable events occurred, such as the inclusion into the senior Men's four of Ducky Forbes (State Rower) and Ross Gibson (Queensland State Sculling Champion) – strangely, Johns protested when we won by about three lengths. And who could forget Rissole and Jar in the novice pair, coming in last by about 200 metres and singing Moonlight Bay.

Next year, with the large number of novices with some experience from 1978, International House should have some good crews.

Mens Senior Four		Womens First Four	
Margy Nolan	Cox	Andrew Wakefield	Cox
Andrew Wakefield		Jill McBryde	
Leighton Cochran	Bow	Holly Frail	Bow
Greg Jones		Ann D'Arcy	
Ross Ole		Jenny Graff	

## MEN'S SQUASH REPORT

The 1978 Squash season proved to be more successful than previous years. We managed to defeat Leo's and Union, and won on a forfeit by Cromwell, putting us into 4th place overall. Most of our players were evenly matched and hence what we lacked in outstanding performers was made up for by the depth of our team. Those who played during the season included Allistair Twigg, Ray Whitehead, Matthew Ferguson, Mark Mortimore, David Maunsell, and last, but not least, Ross Ole. Many thanks to our faithful supporters.

**RAY WHITEHEAD**  
Squash Convenor



## INSIDE IS THE HEART AND THE ANSWER

*Life, the seconds of our eternity  
Trinkle and splash upon the rock of our unity  
Our purpose, our being a universal game  
Is only a dream that death will explain.*

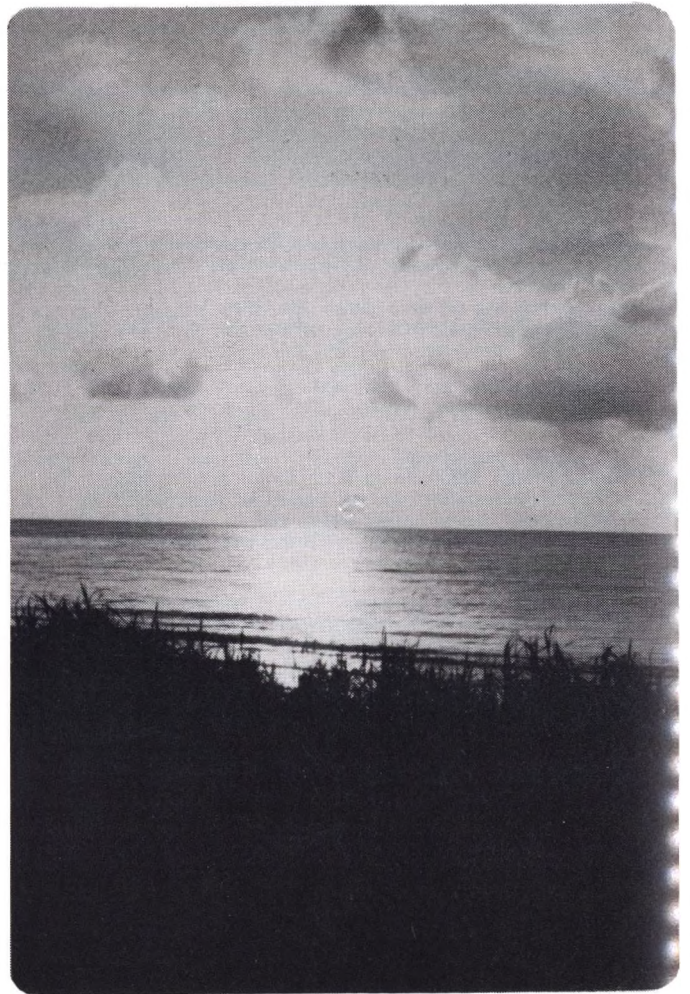
*Reach to the sky, a branch in the air  
Feel the ground beneath – it isn't there  
Cry out in pain and enjoy the laughter  
Mourn not in death, for this is the hereafter.*

*Atlantis may rise and evil subside  
Seek not the sword but the love you have inside  
Ours is the time, a stream at its end  
The river is old, its time to mend.*

*Time is the fire inside the water  
It is the father, oneness its daughter  
Rejoice in the union of man and wife  
The sweetness, the beauty of humanities new life.*

*We are sand and we are the teacher  
The water has gone and death tastes the sweeter  
But be not afraid in this, the beginning  
Today is the song that the phoenix is singing.*

PETER JANSSEN



## TIME: THE ESSENCE OF ALL LIFE

*What is time to a man who knows time so well  
Every moment of life is its passing  
Yet does one really feel the strength of its force  
I ask you into the land of thought  
To seek the destiny of your path*

*Life, the root of all time: it is mysterious  
It holds emotions which give birth to time itself  
Is it real or perhaps merely just a mirage of sheer fantasy  
Only when reaching into the dark recesses of the mind  
Can one ever hope to understand what pervades*

MARK MORTIMORE



## SPRING AND FALL

*To a young child*

*Margaret, are you grieving  
Over Goldengrove unleaving?  
Leaves, like the things of man, you  
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?  
Ah! as the heart grows older  
It will come to such sights colder  
By and by, nor spare a sigh  
Through worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;  
And yet you will weep and know why.*



*Now no matter, child, the name:  
Sorrow's springs are the same.  
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed  
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:  
It is the blight man was born for,  
It is Margaret you mourn for.*

Gerard Manley Hopkins

*Time is only relative. . . . .*

*to what, do I hear?. . . . .*

Why, Grasshopper, to *everything* — the Oozlebird, the Jabberwocky and the fabulous FrimFram Bird, to all things, (including VW's) under the Sun.  
*Especially VW's.*

**There is only a small matter of relative time between the Bug and the Kombi, and that is a subject, one is all too familiar with.**

I am an expert in VW Kombi repairs and the art of Zen Maintenance, and, in thinking up new and diversely diverting excuses for sundry creditors to sooth their anguished bleats about late payment of accounts due, I simply point to the Kombi and assume an air of utter despondency!

T'was my decision, when I entered these fractured halls of learning, that, as I was to relinquish my full time job, the salary and mildly outrageous expense account that went with it, I would have to seek an alternate form of accommodation and transport, as it has been my pleasure to travel extensively around this rugged country of ours.

Aha! I thought, (in one of the most misguided moments of non-inspiration it has ever my misfortune to have!) a VW Kombi is the perfect solution!

I am wont to wonder what ancestor of mine did such monstrous deeds to the ghosts of the Black Forest as to warrant such a feelingly complete revenge upon my poor person.

Never one to do things by halves, and having the time to go, it was decided that a venture out of town was called for, to test the Kombi's capabilities.

So, we hailed ourselves north during the mid-year break to Cairns. Just short of that beautiful place, there was a loss of power, and a peculiar 'choofing' noise from the rear — that is where **all** ominous Kombi noises originate — and so we tootled into town to seek the advice and healing touches of a VW expert.

Hoping that it was only a mechanical version of a headcold, perhaps.

In Cairns, a maniacal german mechanic, clad in regulation jock strap and footy boots, — a mid-european Marty Feldman, — clapped his hands together and said, "Herein ve are haffing der bombpf, und is costink 200 - 250 dollars to fixink him, Ja!?"

Being in the possession of a meagre \$150, a hastily murmured, 'Nein, nein, and thrice nein,' a fast leave-taking was the order of the day, closely followed by a stream of germanic profanity and abuse as we choofed off down the road.

Further inquiries turned up a happy go lucky Australian mechanic, formally dressed in army shorts and black singlet.

Acquainting him of our dire and desperate finances, he offered to diagnose the complaint, and if we did the work, and kept him supplied with XXXX, he could fix it. Thus we did, he did, the Kombi did, and we once more went.

Back safely in Brisbane, and lulled into a false sense of mechanical security, and tempted by visions of taking out the honours in the IH Car Rally. A moment of singular madness, closely followed with the urgings of the mentally unbalanced organizers, prompted the signing up for the rally with a brave smile and flourish of a borrowed biro.

Personnel were recruited, Bradley Hill, to see where we had been, as Rear Navigator, Fizz and Salma as Right and Left Navigators respectively.

It was time.

We were to be the first off the rank, and with a roar of highly tuned exhaust pipes, and a screech of spinning bald tyres, — admittedly, the gravel was a little loose in the car park — we adventured off, and into a day of madness that only the most twisted, underdeveloped, conniving, tuned out, flipped in, zapped out, just plain freaked out of their gourd's minds ever devised as a course for a car rally.

Thus it, (and the Kombi) came to pass, not only once, but several times, the same place.

Navigators could not agree, — who ever heard of direction giving by committee????

Needless to say, we eventually arrived at the spot marked X. Had a cold steak burger, I use the term 'steak' euphemistically, you understand, and it was time, time to head for IH and home.

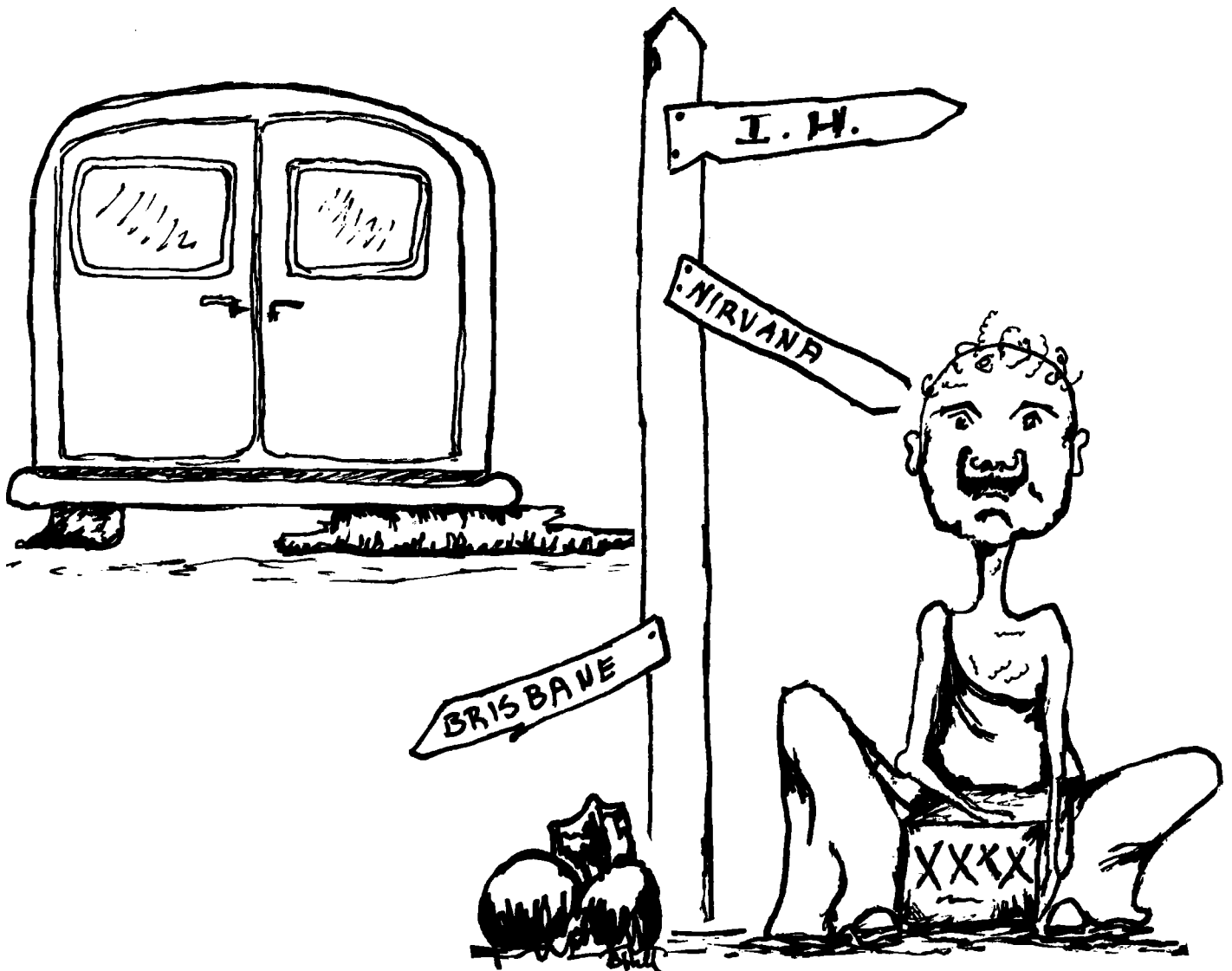
Without managing to get lost more times than we had on the way out, we came to the Jindalee bypass, and there was uttered from the rear of the Kombi, a great noise, and we all uttered a great many noises, and the great noises rose as one to the sky, and the ghost of the Black Forest was not appeased.

A slow, banging, clattering, wheezing, smoking, and a funny little, gurgel-clunk-tinkle-tinkle-clunk-gurgel noise accompanied our slow progress back to IH.

'This time, I thought, enough is enough, this simple soul can take no more, I'll set fire to the illegitimate offspring of a german maniac and Heath-Robinson.'

Ever the foolish optimist, in time, the thought was, purchase another VW, take the motor out and put it in





the Kombi! Congratulating myself for this piece of exemplary wisdom, thus I did; alas! woe! bleat and eternal moans! it also expired.

The gleam of the unholy madman was once again in my eyes! There were days of animated dialogues with myself, and many were the malefactions heaped upon the designer, the importers, in fact, anything remotely germanic, and especially the diabolical elves who made the thing.

After 30 days and nights of prolonged meditation, and consultation with an East Abyssinian Guru, I decided to put the tattered remnants of my sanity at risk and buy yet another engine.

This time, **this time**, it had to work. Many were the propitiations made to patron saints of Kombi owners, incense and sacrifices were offered to desperate and despairing bank managers, promises of eternal servitude to various demonic tutors and lecturers were made in blood.  
And Lo!!

The misbegotten, malaise-ridden, malefactory mechanism functioned.

This time, it worked.

This time, it went, and still does, each full moon, I buy it a new horn.

What gems of timeless philosophy lie within this parable, what credo-shattering dogma is hidden within its parameters, wherein is the truth, which all seek?

Indeed, what it is the meaning of time itself???

It is to be found within this parable.

*After all, Grasshopper, did not the Eagle soar from his nest, only to have his tail feathers plucked by the Warrior of the North for his warbonnet,*

*Did not the Salmon, rising in the rivers rush, read Mickey Mouse comics, and does it not take but a knock on the hatch to sink an Irish submarine?*

Yes, Grasshopper, it is all this and more, and less go now and meditate on what you have learned today.

CHRIS BAKER.

# Recipes

## PAKISTAN

1½ cups minced raw chicken  
2 onions minced  
4 cloves garlic minced

## CHICKEN KEBABS

Salt  
1 inch fresh ginger  
2 peppercorns

2 green chillies  
Few cardamoms  
½ teaspoon cumin seeds

Grind the ginger, peppercorns, chillies, cardamoms and cumin seeds. Mix the ground spices with the chicken meat, onions and garlic. Season with salt and shape into small balls. Dip hands into cold water to prevent from sticking. Skewer the balls and fry in deep fat or grill them.

## KOREAN

2 kg beef short ribs  
½ cup soy sauce  
½ cup water

## BARBEQUE SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

4 tablespoons finely chopped spring onions  
2 tspns finely grated garlic  
1 tspn finely grated fresh ginger

1 tbspn sugar  
½ teaspoon ground black pepper  
2 tablespoons sesame seed

Ask butcher to saw the bones to make cubes of 5 cm sizes. Hold pieces on board, bone downwards, and with a sharp knife cut halfway through the meat in small dice to let the marinade penetrate. Combine with the remaining ingredients in a large bowl. Add the short ribs and mix well. Cover and chill overnight or at least for 4 hours.

Put meat on a domed grill or barbeque with bone side down and cook until brown. Turn and cook the other side. Turn pieces frequently, so that all the sides are grilled brown and crisp.

N.B.: Short ribs can also be cooked under a preheated griller or oven-roasted. Ribs should be in one layer in roasting pan. Roast in moderately hot oven for one hour, turning over, halfway through cooking.

## CHINESE

2 tablespoons oil  
10 ozs broccoli  
1 red pepper

## PRAWNS AND CHAMPIGNONS

8 oz can bamboo shoots  
6 oz can champignons  
1 lb green prawns

8 ozs cashew nuts  
Salt and pepper  
3 tablespoons oil extra

Heat oil in frying pan, add broccoli cut into small flowers. Stir fry until almost tender. Then add sliced pepper, drained and sliced bamboo shoots and drained champignons. Toss quickly over heat for three mins. May add a little extra oil if required. Remove from pan. Add extra oil to pan; when hot, add shelled prawns and fry quickly till prawns are pink. Remove from pan and drain oil from pan. Return vegetables, prawns and cashew nuts to pan, season with salt and pepper, stir until heated through.

## INDIAN

1 cup fine semolina  
4 oz ground almonds  
1 cup full cream milk powder  
2 eggs

## GULAB JAMUN

2 tablespoons baking powder  
About 2 tablespoons water  
Oil for deep frying

Syrup:  
1½ lbs sugar  
1½ pints water  
5 cardamom pods  
Few sprigs saffron

Put semolina, almonds, milk powder and baking powder into bowl and mix well. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, add egg and enough water to mix to a stiff dough. Turn out to surface lightly dusted with semolina, knead well for 15 mins, adding a little extra water (approx. 1 tablespoon) but do not make dough too soft. Roll mixture into 1 inch balls, fry into deep hot oil until golden brown. Do not have oil too hot or they'll brown immediately and not cook through. Remove from oil and drain on absorbent paper and put immediately in prepared hot syrup. Allow to stand for 1 hour before serving with the syrup.

Syrup: Put sugar, water, cardamom seeds and saffron into pan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Boil mixture (uncovered) until a thick syrup has formed. Approx. 10 mins.

## MALDIVIAN

4 small tailor or mullet (whole)  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1½ teaspoons salt  
1 teaspoon ground turmeric  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
1 small onion, sliced

## SPICY BARBEQUED FISH

2 cloves garlic, peeled  
2 slices fresh ginger  
¼ teaspoon each of ground cinnamon  
and cloves  
¼ teaspoon dried crushed curry leaves  
(optional)

1 tablespoon ground coriander  
1 teaspoon ground cumin  
1 teaspoon chili powder  
1 tablespoon oil  
Foil for wrapping

Clean and scale fish, leaving head on. Wipe inside fish with kitchen paper dipped in coarse salt, leaving body cavities clean. Snip out gills with kitchen scissors and trim away long spines or pins neatly. Wash fish well, cut diagonal slashes in flesh with sharp knife, about 1 inch apart, and rub fish with a little lemon juice, salt and turmeric and pepper. Put remaining ingredients in a blender and blend to a smooth paste. Apply to fish, rubbing well into slashes and body cavity. Spoon remaining mixture over the fish. Wrap in foil and make parcel. Put over glowing coals or under heated griller for 10 mins, on each side. Open foil for last minutes to allow excess moisture to evaporate. Serve hot with boiled rice.

## PHILIPPINES

4 c pumpkin, grated  
1 c flour  
1 c corn starch

## UKOY (SHRIMP FRITTERS)

4 pcs eggs, beaten  
1 c shrimps, finely chopped  
½ c water or extract of shrimp heads,  
chopped

1 c onions  
3 tsp salt  
1/8 tsp pepper shallots

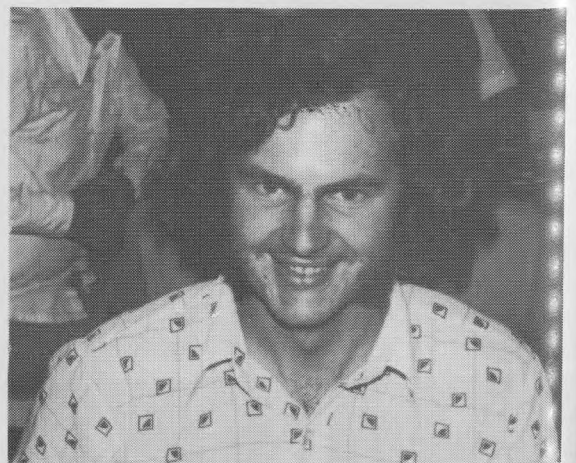
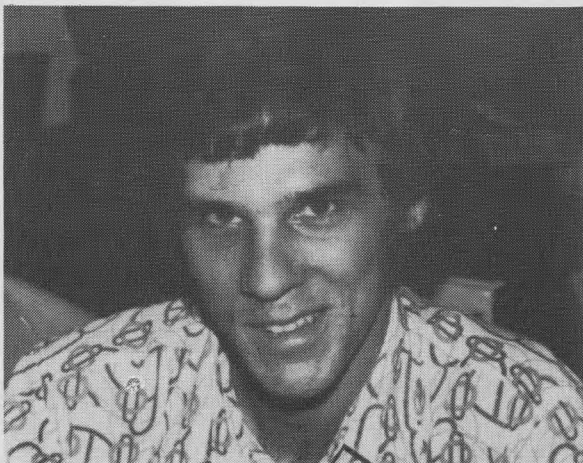
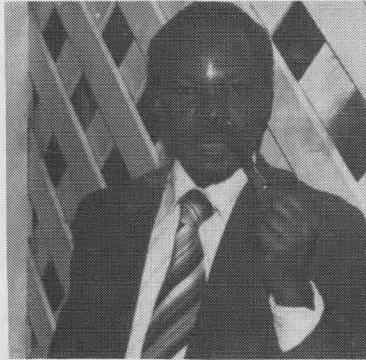
1. Mix ingredients thoroughly. 2. Deep-fry until golden brown. 3. Serve with vinegar-garlic sauce.



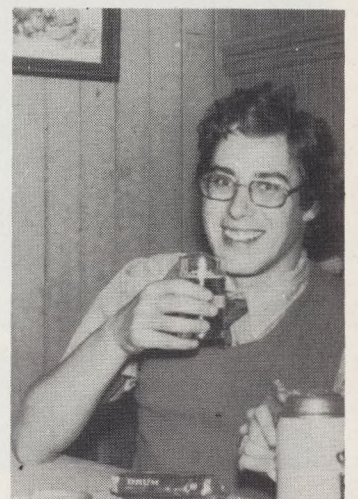
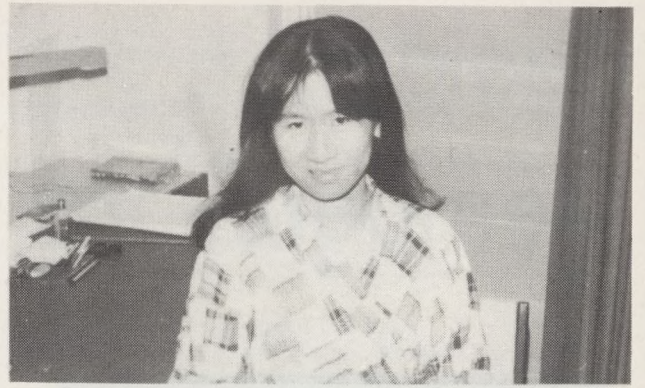
# Valedictees

*And you move on .....  
and IH '78 recedes in time, into memory  
.....and we wish you, 'Bon Voyage', to  
bigger and better things.*











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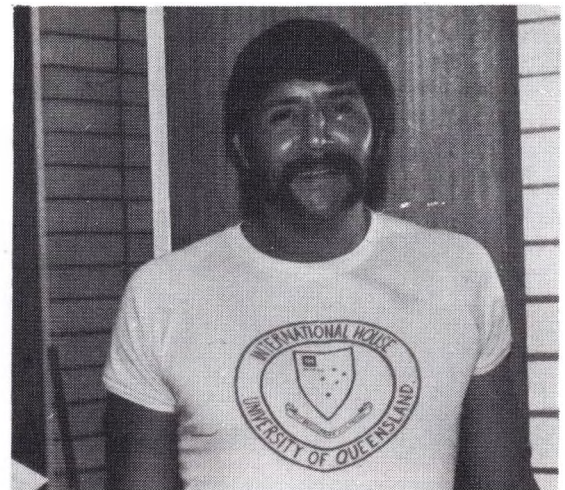
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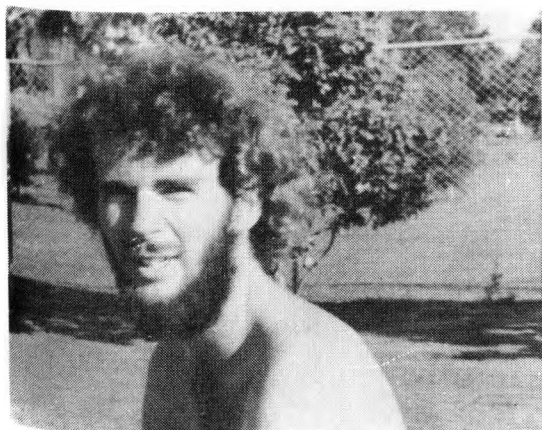
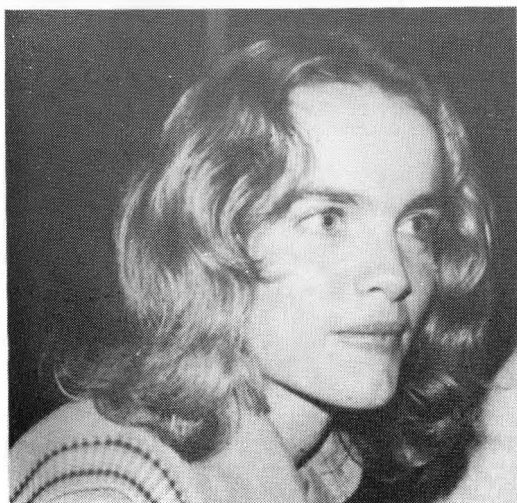
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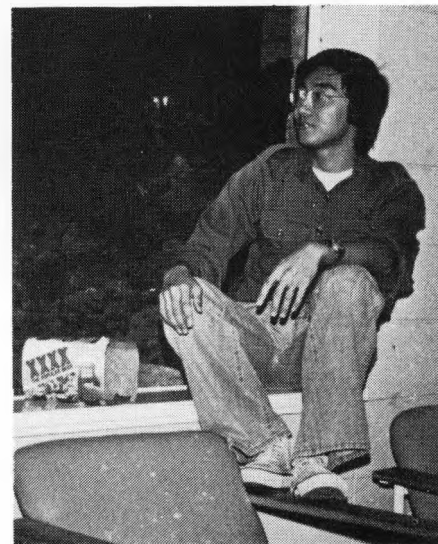




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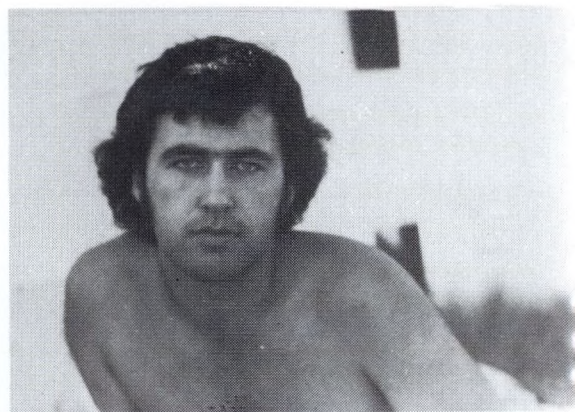
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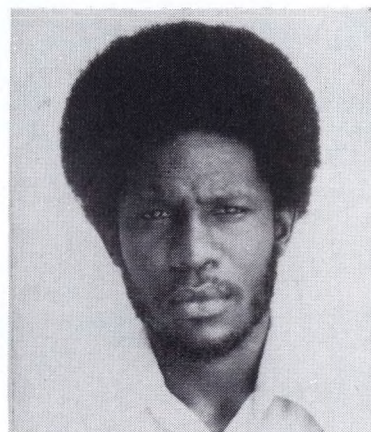
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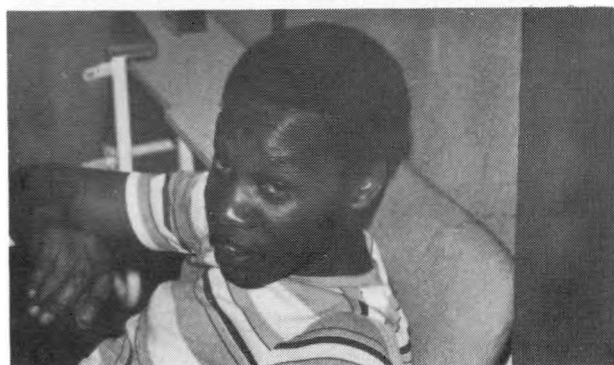
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# INTERNATIONAL HOUSE - UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND - 1978



**FRONT ROW (left to right):** Chris Baker (Australia), Shyam Khadka (Nepal), Charles Kessler (England), Chris Hagan (U.S.A.), Helen Batten (Australia), Chris Walker (Australia), Sweet Toh (Malaysia), Vicki Cossins (Australia), Allistar Twigg (Australia), Mr I.M.B. Cribb, B.A., B.Ed., M.A.C.E. (Australia), Warden, Peter Gibson, B.Econ., (Australia), Robert Greenhill (Australia), Hafeeza Ahmed (Maldives), Russell Murray (Australia), Mahir bin Abdullah (Malaysia), Ian Briggs (Australia), Stephen Emms (Australia), Samo Harjanto (Indonesia), Robert Heath B.A. (Hons.) (Australia), Do Duong Dang (Vietnam), Adil Hassan B.V.M.S. (Iraq).

**SECOND ROW (left to right):** Ofa Fakalata (Tonga), Robert Blank (Australia), P. Kannan (India), Meng Sum Fong (Malaysia), Luis Avalos (Mexico), Paul Williamson B.A. (U.S.A.), Ross Hetherington (Australia), Andrew Metcalfe (Australia), Andrew Crowe B.A. (Australia), Peter Janssen (Australia), Gregory Jones B.A. (Australia), David Snow (Australia), Lertpom Parasakul (Thailand), Arun Dey (India), Supar (Indonesia), Scott Teske (Australia), Peter Smith (Australia), Perus Sitepu (Indonesia), Gary Schubert (Australia), Joseph Therkelsen (Philippines), Solomon Cua B.A. (Philippines), David Maunsell (Australia), Eugene White (Australia), Jeffrey Crowther (Australia), Satvinder Singh (Malaysia), Peter Chan (Hong Kong), Winthrop Harewood (Trinidad), David Sudarmana (Indonesia), Yousuf Rawal (Pakistan).

**THIRD ROW (left to right):** Debbie McEwan (Australia), Rosie Hepworth (Australia), Jonathon Fong (Hong Kong), Warren Wells (Australia), Matthew Ferguson (Australia), Ross Ole (Australia), Russell Bach (Australia), Ray Whitehead (Australia), Jeffrey Wilks (Australia), Simon Yelland (Australia), Gregory Seeley (Australia), Ron Wah Chang (Malaysia), Ian Davidson (Australia), Thomas Fong (Fiji), Joseph Lai (Hong Kong), Richard Waung (Hong Kong), Tony Gilson (Australia), Raphael Gondipon (Malaysia), Pham Anh Van (Vietnam), Francis Halim (Indonesia), Debbie Bailey (Australia), Wayne Forday (Australia), Lo King Shun (Hong Kong), Nor Hashim bin Idris (Malaysia), Jerasil Batonda (Uganda).

**BACK ROW (left to right):** Aida Aguinaldo (Philippines), Miranda Ng (Hong Kong), Elizabeth Gibson (Australia), Fiona Mack (Australia), Jennifer Cheng (Singapore), Sally Ridge (Australia), Tracy Winning (Australia), Holly Frail (Australia), Jennie Callaghan (Australia), Jill McBryde (Australia), Susan Greenhill (Australia), Margaret Nolan (Australia), Janelle Knowles (Australia), Leanne Evans (Australia), Patti Thomson (Australia), Jennifer Yarker (Australia), Karen Gilmore (Australia), Margaret Gevers (Australia), Salma Khalik (Singapore), Anne D'Arcy (Australia), Heather Jamieson (Australia), Vicki Beldan (Australia), Lily Yang (Malaysia), Susan Wade (Australia), Nguyen Thi Tuyet Nga (Vietnam), Romadee Boontanon (Thailand), Suat Khoh Teo (Singapore), Saovarose Pathrachai (Thailand), Surepon Jantarapiav-ech (Thailand), Jillian Delaney (Australia), Fatima Vincent (Sri Lanka), Margaret Woolacott (Australia).



